

BEADLE'S Dime New York Library

COPYRIGHTED IN 1881, BY BEADLE & ADAMS.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AT SECOND CLASS MAIL RATES.

Vol. X.

Published Every
Week.

Beadle & Adams, Publishers,
98 WILLIAM STREET, N. Y., February 23, 1881.

Ten Cents a Copy.
\$5.00 a Year.

No. 122

SAUL SABBERDAY, THE IDIOT SPY; or, LULIONA, THE SEMINOLE.

BY NED BUNTLINE,

AUTHOR OF "THAYENDANEGBA," "THE WHITE WIZARD," "THE SEA BANDIT," "THE RED WARRIOR," ETC., ETC.



SAUL WAS GALLOPING MADLY AWAY, BLOWING SUCH BLASTS ON HIS "TRUMPET OF ZION" AS HAD NEVER BEFORE BEEN HEARD.

Saul Sabberday,

THE IDIOT SPY;

OR,

LULIONA, THE SEMINOLE.

BY NED BUNTLINE,
AUTHOR OF "THAYENDANEGBA, THE SCOURGE,"
"RED WARRIOR," "WHITE WIZARD," "THE
SEA BANDIT," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"MOTHER, I'll be consarned if I can see what you want me to keep pokin' round home here for, when everybody that is anybody, is off to the wars? You helped brother Seth to fit out his privateer, and you wouldn't let me go with him. You gave brother Simeon money to buy him a horse and sword, and bran new regimentals, and you wouldn't listen to my going with him, nor so much as buy me a gun to shoot crows with!"

These words were uttered not long after the war of the Revolution had got to a full "red heat"—uttered in a neat and modest mansion, in the then lonely town of New London, the birthplace of almost the only traitor that could be hatched from the egg of treason, during "the time that tried men's souls"—BENEDICT ARNOLD.

The speaker was a tall, lean-favored youth, of about nineteen or twenty years of age, dressed in a homespun suit, and wearing an old hat, stuck around with cock's feathers, in a most fantastic style. A sheathless wooden sword was thrust through a rope girdle, that encircled his waist, and he held a piece of board, whittled into a rude resemblance of a gun, at a "carry," while he spoke. His hair hung in long masses—tangled and curling—down upon his shoulders. His features were rather coarse, and his complexion pale. His large, blue eyes, exhibited that lack-luster peculiar to idiots, but there were times when they would beam suddenly with the fire of intelligence, or flash with the light of anger. And then all signs of idiocy would depart from face and form, and he would seem to be an altered being. But these spells were ever of short duration, and soon he would again relapse into a state of apparent imbecility. He was neither dirty or ragged, however, for a watchful mother and a pitying sister, who was as kind as she was lovely—differing far from the sisters of these modern days—kept him neat and as comfortable as possible.

Saul Sabberday, the above described, was speaking to his widowed mother, when we introduced him to the reader. Her dress, as well as that of Ruth, her beautiful daughter, a year the junior of Saul, betokened them to belong to the same persuasion as did the mother of Nathaniel Greene, the patriot general, who when she equipped him for the war, said:

"I like not thy going into battle, to shed the blood of thy fellow-men, Nathaniel; but, if thee thinks it is thy duty, go, and if thee is wounded, come not home to me with a wound in thy back!"

Yes; the widow Sabberday and Ruth, golden-haired, blue-eyed, fairy-formed Ruth, the loveliest maiden in the town, by all confessed, were Quakeresses—though her two stalwart sons had ignored the cloth, and gone to fight their country's battles, the one upon the land, under the very eye of Washington, as an officer in his Life Guard; the other in a dashing privateer, upon

"The glad waters of the dark blue sea."

"Why does thee pester me so, Saul?" said the widow, in reply to her son. "What could thee do in the wars?"

"Fight the red-coats, mother; charge bag-nets on 'em, and make 'em run jist so!" and, suiting the action to the word, he brought his wooden gun to a charge, and advanced so fiercely on Ruth, that she sprung from her chair, and cried:

"Have done with thy foolery, Saul; thee had better charge the turkeys in the yard!"

"So I had, sissy, so I had!" said Saul, as he "recovered arms."

His sister resumed her seat and needlework again, and Saul brought his gun to an "order," and stood watching her fair little fingers, as they nimbly plied their work.

"Had thee not better go over and see the widow Hale to-day, Ruth?" said Mrs. S. "She has been sorely tried in the death of her only son, and it behooves us, as Christians, to mourn with the mourning, and to speak words of comfort to the sorrow-stricken! Heaven grant that we, too, may not be called upon to mourn a son and brother!"

"Amen, dear mother!" murmured the gentle girl. And then she added: "If thee thinks it best that I should go, I will go, my mother, but there are some who like not to be intruded upon in their grief; the sight, even, of friends swells the overflowing cup!"

"True, my sweet child; but thee knows how intimate we have been with the Hales. Nathan thought a world of thee!"

Ruth's pale face was instantly tinged with a bright blush, and a heavy sigh rose from her bosom, as she said—"I will go, mother!"

"Mayn't I go along, sissy? I'll lay down my gun at the door, and behave proper good," said Saul.

"Not this time, brother!" replied Ruth, gently. "Thee may walk with me some other day!"

"Then I'll go and fight the turkeys and pigs—gobble, gobble; squeal, squeal! Won't I make 'em run! Shoulder arms, right about face, forward, march!"

Obedying his own orders, Saul left the room, and Ruth put on her lilac shawl and plain straw bonnet, preparatory to making her visit.

"Ruth, there are some nice newly-baked pumpkin pies in the cupboard, and some fresh cakes and bread," said the widow. "Thee had better take thy basket and fill it, for the widow, 'tis not likely, has had any heart for baking, since she heard of Nathan's death!"

"I will so do, dear mother," said Ruth, as she hastened to fulfill her parent's wishes.

Meantime, from the noise that emanated from the yard, they were informed that Saul had engaged the enemy.

"Poor lad! he has strange ways, yet there is no real harm in him, while there is much good!" sighed the widow, as she heard the racket.

"Hooray, hooray! The enemy has run away, and the victory is ours!" cried Saul, marching in, to the tune of Yankee Doodle, whistled by himself. Then, seeing that his sister was going out with her basket, he said, and intelligence beamed from his eye as he spoke:

"Dear sifter, please let me carry the basket for you. I'll take off my sojer hat and lay away my gun and cutlash, and put on the cap you made for me, and my Sunday-go-to-meetin' coat, and be so good. Please let me go!"

"Well, hurry and fix up, brother—thee may go," said the gentle sister.

And, with a glad look, he bounded up-stairs, and soon returned improved in dress, and looking far less like an idiot than before. He took the heavy basket, and then Ruth led the way toward the house of the stricken heart, who mourned the loss of her martyred son.

When they were gone, that good widow and mother knelt, and prayed to the God of battles, that He would spare her sons, and not take them from her.

CHAPTER II.

THE wind was blowing fresh and strong from the eastward, sending in the huge blue waves in heavy rollers toward the rock-bound coast of the old "Bay State." And not far from the coast, heading eastward, the bright moon gleaming softly on her white sails, a beautiful vessel lay rising and falling on the surges, with her foretopsail laid aback and her head sheets flattened in so as to keep her as nearly stationary as she could be when off of anchorage ground. She was long, of great breadth of beam, lay very low in the water and looked as if she could outsail anything afloat—so sharp was she forward and so clean in her run. Her masts, heavy below but tapering up to an extraordinary length, raked much more than the spars of vessels generally did in that day, and her yards forward, were of great length, as were also her booms, enabling an immense spread of canvas when it was desirable. She was of that clipper build and rig which has rendered Baltimore famous the world over. Her armament consisted of six thirty-two pound carronades on a side, which, being lighter than long guns, and more easily worked, being on slides, and carrying the same weight of metal, were far more efficient at close quarters than they would be. Amidships, however, was a tool for work at a distance. It was a long brass forty-two pounder, working on a circular railway between the main and foremast. From the keelson up to the deck beneath this gun, a solid foundation of oak had been built, and this, with extra carlines and knees below, so strengthened the brig that the heavy shock of so large a gun, when it was fired, did not shake her much more than the firing of the carronades.

Her rig, neat in every particular from the turning of her dead-eyes to the fitting of her royal-mast-heads, was that of a brigantine—square forward, and fore and aft on her main. Manned by a picked crew of seventy-five men, enough for a craft of two hundred tons, she was the picture of a model man-of-war.

Reader, you are now introduced on board of the good privateer, THUNDERBOLT, cruising in search of the foes to American liberty—permit me to make known to you her captain, Seth Sabberday, who, with his night telescope in his hand, is carefully scanning the horizon to windward, for he is right in the track of vessels bound from England to New York, which, after they have sighted land at Cape Race or thereabouts, keep down along the coast inside of the gulf current.

He is about medium hight, with brown hair, long and curling about his stout neck and broad shoulders, his form close knit and muscular, his eyes blue as the sea o'er which he

sails. His features and expression quiet, but firm and resolute, betoken him to be well fitted for the command of such a beauty as that beneath his feet.

By his side—one cheek bulged out enormously with a huge quid of tobacco, his hands and arms plunged elbow-deep into his pea-jacket pocket—stands Mr. Elijah Bunker, his first lieutenant, or mate, as he prefers to be called. He is about six feet in hight, but so lean that he looks even more tall; but what he lacks in fat he makes up in bone and muscle, and if you look in his gray-green eye you will see at once that there is a bit of the devil in his composition, if he gets waked up.

The second officer was a slender, gentle-looking youth, one who, at a first glance, seemed to wear an almost feminine look, so small and white were his hands, so slender his form, so delicate his complexion. His name was Chester Parsons, but the crew called him "Gentleman Chet," not in derision, for he was a favorite with them and more than once already at the head of the boarders had proved that heart, hand and form were more than equal to the stoutest of his foes.

I have before alluded to the crew. They were of that hardy class who man our fishing and whaling fleets—young, fearless and expert.

"This wind ought to bring something along; we're in the right track, Elijah!" said Captain Sabberday to his first officer.

"Reckon 'twill—dreamed o' seein' a chicken-fight last night—two roosters, one red and t'other one ring-streaked and speckled, like Jacob's goats—sure sign!" said Bunker, who was great on dreams and never used any super-numerary words in his conversation.

"Which whipped?" asked Captain Seth.

"Jacob's rooster laid the red-coat out—good sign for our side!" replied Bunker.

"Sail, ho!" cried the look-out, who was stationed in the slings of the foreyard, plenty high enough for a night look-out, though the moon and stars gleamed so brightly that the vision was by no means circumscribed.

"Red Rooster, by jingo!" cried Bunker, discharging his old quid of tobacco and "indulging" in a fresh one.

"Whereaway?" shouted back Captain Seth, springing forward and nearly capsizing over "Gentleman Chet," who was in a doze on a car-nade slid.

"Broad on our weather bow, sir—square-rigged—coming down with all stun'sails set up to the to'gallant!" replied the look-out.

"She must be in a hurry, then. All hands to make sail—up every mother's son of ye! Officers, to your stations! Clear all for action!" shouted Captain Seth. "Mr. Bunker, make sail, while I go aloft and see what the stranger looks like."

"Ay, ay, sir; but I'll bet a cookie ag'in' a darnin' needle she's the Red Rooster I dreamed of!" said the mate, taking off his pea-jacket, and pitching it down the companionway of the cabin.

In a moment, the young captain—Seth was not over twenty-three or four—had reached the foreyard, with his glass, and now he anxiously examined the approaching sail.

"Armed, English, and double our own tonnage," he muttered, as he looked at her. "But no greater odds than that sloop-o'-war we beat off last week; and we've two or three hours of night, yet, to fool him with!" he added. "I shall pay my compliments to you, Mr. Bull!"

When Captain Seth again stood upon the quarter-deck, everything was clear for action—each man had a brace of loaded pistols and a cutlass in his belt; the pikes, muskets, and battle-axes, were laid in their places; the guns cast loose; magazine opened; and every man and officer at his quarters.

"Elijah, you and Chester must go below, and put on the British uniforms that we took out of that last transport which we captured. I'm agoin' to do the same, and fool with this fellow till I get him close aboard and under my lee, and then, if he don't smell brimstone, my name isn't Seth Sabberday!"

"Cap'n Seth!" said Bunker, drawing up his lanky figure to Shanghai hight and spitting to windward—a thing he never would have done except when deeply agitated—"Cap'n Seth, it goes ag'in' my grain, awful, to put on King George's livery!"

"I can't help that Mr. Bunker; its policy to do it just now. I'm going to hoist the British flag directly, when she gets close enough to see it, and pass for an English man-o'-war till I get him where I want to, and then I'll broil him on our 'grid-iron.'"

"Well, s'pose orders must be 'tended to," growled Bunker, who knew that Captain Seth never used the *Mr.* to him without he meant to be obeyed.

Meantime the stranger sail advanced so rapidly that she could be seen plainly from the deck; and soon after the officers had all donned their British uniforms, she was within less than a mile.

"Stand by to fire a windward gun, and bend

* The British used in derision to call our flag the "Yankee Gridiron." They got "done brown" on it more than once, though.

the English flag on to the ensign halliards," cried Capt. Seth.

This was done, and when the other vessel had approached within half a mile, the gun was fired, the colors hoisted, and all sail made—the brigantine being close hauled on a wind.

The Englishman had apparently had a careless look-out, and not seen the Thunderbolt before; for now her helm was put down, and as she luffed, her stunsails were taken in, bent in a manner so lubberly that Captain Seth at once said she was either weak-handed, or else managed by a skipper that didn't understand his business.

The stranger forged ahead, and sagged to leeward so much, that before his sails were snug, he was in hail of the American vessel.

"What brig is that?" cried a voice from his deck.

"His Britannic Majesty's brig Spitfire, out of New York on a cruise!" replied Captain Seth, through his trumpet. "What ship is that?"

"His Majesty's armed transport the Terrible!" replied the officer. "What news from New York?"

"Good news, sir. Henry Clinton has been giving the Yankee rebels particular thunder at Brooklyn and New York; but he is much in need of ammunition and stores," replied Sabberday.

"He'll be glad to see us, then; we're loaded to the bends with powder, shot, and shell, besides a large lot of winter clothing for his men," replied the officer.

"I guess Washington will be the gladdest old chap," muttered Seth *sotto voce*; then he shouted again through his trumpet:

"If that's the case, I'll keep you company down the coast; the Yankee privateers are swarming at the mouths of their sounds and bays."

"I'm not afraid of them; I carry sixteen guns, and have got a crew of one hundred men," said the Englishman.

"Thank you for the news; you'll have less in two or three hours," muttered Seth.

Then he added, through the trumpet: "You'd better fill away and carry sail. I'll keep you company, and come aboard after daylight."

"Ay, ay; but we out-sail nearly everything we meet; you'll have to crowd the canvas to keep up with us," cried the officer, as he put his helm up and bore away.

"So much the better prize for us!" muttered Seth, as he gave orders which placed his brig on the weather-quarter of the Englishman.

The latter crowded all sail; but the Thunderbolt had to take in some, or she would soon have passed and left her astern.

"Your craft sails like a witch!" cried the British captain. "Where was she built?"

"In Baltimore, I believe. She was a Yankee privateer until we captured her, and hoisted the cross of St. George over her," replied Seth, as coolly as if he was not the son of a truth-telling Quakeress.

The vessels now bowled off merrily along the coast, with a spanking breeze almost astern; and by the time the day broke, were well down on the Nantucket Banks. When the red sun came up from its azure bed in the east, many a glass was turned from the transport toward the brigantine; but her warlike appearances, flag, and the officers conspicuous in their gaudy uniforms, disarmed the Englishman of all suspicion, and Seth, taking everything coolly, ordered his crew to get their breakfasts as if nothing unusual was about to happen. But they still kept their arms at hand, and the magazine was not closed.

It was nine o'clock when Capt. Seth, in a low tone, ordered all hands to be ready for boarding, except the sail-trimmers and crews of the starboard guns, which had been double-shotted and depressed so as to rake the enemy's deck, and somewhat lessen his means of defense.

"You will head the boarders, and board him in smoke, Mr. Parsons," said the captain to "Gentleman Chet." "I know that kind of work suits you. Elijah, you attend to the battery and the sails. I shall be where I see myself most needed. Be cool, and wait for the word from me. Have your grappling-irons all ready to heave, Mr. Parsons. Give quarter the minute they ask it, but strike and spare not till they do!"

Seeing that everything was ship-shape, and his own country's flag all ready to take the place of that of St. George, Captain Seth turned to the helmsman:

"Port your helm a little."

"Port it is, sir."

The vessel's bow fell off gracefully, and she forged ahead until she was nearly abreast of the British vessel.

"Starboard battery, stand by—port a little more. There! steady," said Seth, in a low but distinct voice.

"Look out there, or you'll be aboard of us," shouted the captain of the English ship.

"Just what I intend to. Down with that cursed rag and up with the flag of freedom!" cried Seth.

In an instant the English flag was lowered from the peak of the Thunderbolt, and the American banner rose in its place.

The Englishman shouted "To quarters, men—to quarters!"

"Starboard battery, give 'em thunder!" cried Seth, springing to the helm himself.

With a deafening concussion which shook the gallant little craft from stem to stern—the whole broadside was poured into the devoted ship. The next instant, amid the smoke and confusion, and terrible cries from wounded and dying men, the brig crashed against the side of the Englishman, who could fire no gun in return, so sudden and unexpected was the attack.

"Out grapplers! Boarders, away!" shouted Seth, in a tone of thunder.

The clank of the heavy irons was heard—dusky forms were seen amid the smoke, leaping over the black bulwarks of the ship. Then was heard the clash of steel, the quick, sharp reports of the pistols; shouts and curses and groans filled the air, betokening the fearful struggle going on beneath that sulphurous canopy.

But soon all was still except the moans of the suffering. The smoke-cloud lifted and revealed the gallant Parsons in the act of hauling down the flag of those whose boast had ever been before that

"Britannia rules the wave."

The English leader, badly wounded, stood among the few who remained of her crew, disarmed like them, and humbled—doubly humbled when he saw that his vessel was far more heavily armed and had been better manned than his opponent by twenty-five men. But he could not help himself, and submitted to a transfer to the Thunderbolt with as good a grace as possible, where Captain Seth received him kindly and without any of the insulting bravado which would have probably been awarded to him had he been the captive instead of the captor.

Ocean burial was now given to the dead, the decks cleared up, a prize crew under Chester Parsons put on board of the Terrible, and all sail crowded again, Seth laying his course for the northern entrance of Long Island Sound, he being determined to carry his prize into New London. He had several reasons for this. First, it was the nearest point to the army under Washington, which he knew needed the ammunition and stores in his prize—next he wished to see those whom he most prized of all living beings, and also to gratify his crew, most of whom had shipped from that place. And the eyes of Chester Parsons flashed gladly when he was told what course to steer, for he, too, had an interest in a snug little piece of movable and lovable property in New London—but of that more, when the right time comes.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Ruth reached the house of the widow Hale, she found that lady and her only daughter indeed in a sad state of desolation. And her grief broke out anew when she saw Ruth, who had been dearly loved by her son, although the latter had only felt for him a friendly or sisterly affection—for her heart's deep, warm, hidden love, had been already given to another.

"Do not weep, widow—thee has been sorely stricken, but HE chasteneth those whom HE loveth—HE gave and HE taketh away!" said the gentle girl as she folded her arms around the bending form of the aged mourner and kissed her pale forehead.

"Oh, Ruth—Ruth, it was so cruel to murder him so!" sobbed the widow, and her sobs were echoed by her sole remaining child—a lovely girl not far from the age of Ruth.

"It was a cruel, a base and wicked deed, but the good God will repay them! He is just—we must bow to all his behests and say, 'Thy will, O Lord, not ours, be done!'"

"You are a good girl, Ruth! I try to restrain my tears, but it seems as if my poor heart would break. Nathan was my only hope!" said the widow, striving to check her tears.

"He can suffer no more—let us hope that his spirit rests in heaven!" replied Ruth.

And thus, with gentle words, did the young girl, like an angel of comfort, strive to assuage the sorrow which she shared. And well did she succeed. After a stay of a half-hour or more, she brought in the basket which she had left with Saul at the door, and then amid thanks and blessings she departed on her return homeward.

Saul, still on his good behavior, walked quietly by her side. Suddenly the booming of cannonry aroused their attention, and glancing down the harbor, they saw two vessels under sail standing up the bay, saluting the town as they came.

Ruth instantly recognized her brother's vessel as one, and when she saw the English flag beneath the American at the mizzen peak of the other, she knew that a prize had been taken. But there was a tremor in her heart as she gazed upon the ships, for she knew the perils of war, and did not know who had fallen. She loved her brother—dearly loved him! And there was another who had sailed with that brother for whom she bent her knee in prayer at evening

and at morn, one whose name was written on the inner leaves of her pure heart. It was Chester Parsons.

Anxiously she hurried toward her home. Saul, like one-half the people of the town, had rushed, shouting, toward the wharf that fronted the anchorage, as soon as he recognized the Thunderbolt.

Not long did sweet Ruth have to wait in suspense, for she had but just reached her mother's side when Seth entered and folded her in his arms.

"Glorious news, dear mother and sister!" he cried. "I've captured a ship of nearly double my own force, and she is loaded with ammunition, and such stores as our army are sorely wanting!"

"Did thee lose or take many lives, Seth?" asked his mother, as she returned his embrace.

"Only two killed on our side, and about forty on theirs," was his reply. Seeing the anxious look of Ruth as he mentioned his loss, he added: "Don't be scared, sister, Chester is safe. He behaved like a lion, and I put him in command of the prize. You shall see him as soon as duty will permit!"

Ruth blushed deeply, but she was relieved from the load upon her heart.

"War is a dreadful thing!" said Mrs. Sabberday. "Woe to the tyrant who has forced this thing upon a peaceable and God-fearing people."

"Hooray for the Thunderbolt—hooray for brother Seth—hooray for everybody 'cept the Britishers!" shouted Saul, dancing into the room and hurrying up-stairs to put on his accouterments. In a few moments he returned full rigged—rather to the annoyance of his mother. But Seth was used to his vagaries, and spoke kindly to him, at the same time handing him a silver dollar.

"Oh, golly, how glad you've made me, brother Seth!" cried the youth, as he looked at the dollar. "Now I've got money enough to buy old blind Jake's bugle horn, and I'll call it the Trumpet of Zion, and I'll blow a blast that'll make the Britishers think old Gabriel's comin'!"

"I wish I had some one to send with a message to General Washington, so that he could send a detachment after the powder and shot that I have got and take care of my prisoners!" said Seth.

"Oh, let me go, brother Seth, let me go!" cried Saul. "I know that I don't know much, but you know I was always good to run of errands! And then I can see brother Simeon! He's there with General Washington at White Plains—a fellow that came home sick from the camp told me so yesterday! Do let me go; I can get Nathan Hale's horse from the widow, for she'll never use him again, and Nathan can't!"

"What is the matter with Nathan?" asked the young commander.

"He has been taken by the British and hanged as a spy!" his sister said, sadly.

"Ten thousand curses on the merciless ruffians!" cried Seth, bitterly, for Nathan had been a school-mate and a bosom friend.

"Seth—Seth—thee must curb thy bitterness and curse not!" said his mother, reproachfully, yet in a gentle tone.

"How does poor Lizzie and her mother bear it?" he asked.

"They take on a great deal, but I have been speaking words of comfort to them to-day!" replied Ruth.

"Say, brother Seth, ain't you goin' to let me go to the camp with the news? I can do it as well as any other he, and it won't cost nothin' if I go!"

"If your mother will let you go, I'll write a letter and let you carry it!" was the reply.

"Simeon will be glad to hear direct from the family."

"I suppose, as there are no British between us and the camp, that the boy will be in little danger!" said the widow. "If he can, as a messenger, be of any service to his country, I am willing he should go!"

"Hooray for brother Seth—hooray for mother!" cried the youth, gladly; "now, sissy, dear, you go and borrow the horse for me, while I go and pay old Jake for his bugle-horn!"

"I will go, but thee must be more moderate, brother!" said the gentle Ruth.

"Oh, I'll be proper good, sissy—just you get me the horse, and brother Seth, you write the letter! I'll take it safe to the general, and maybe he'll give me a real sword!" cried the boy, the light of intelligence again beaming in his eye and illuminating his pale face.

An hour later Saul was galloping madly away in a southerly direction, blowing such blasts on his "Trumpet of Zion" as had never before been heard in the streets of that quiet Connecticut town.

On—he sped with his foaming steed, his feathers fluttering in the breeze, and his long wooden sword by his side, blowing his unearthly blast ever and anon, when he passed a house or met any people, scattering a vague terror through the land, for no one knew whence the wild-looking creature came, whether he was bound, or what was his errand! On through the declining day—on in the red sun-

set—on in the gray twilight—on through the darkness of the night, bounded the noble steed and his wild rider!

CHAPTER IV.

It was evening, the second evening after Saul Sabberday, well mounted, with a full purse, and a letter for General Washington from Seth, and one from his sister and mother for Simeon, had been dispatched on his errand. The patriot general sat in his tent, with several maps and many papers spread out on a rough table before him. And over these he pored intently with marks of weariness and care upon his noble brow. He was studying out his pathway over the Hudson, or over the frozen clods of Jersey—those clods which, stained with the blood of barefooted and nearly-naked soldiers, afterward proved their deep devotion to their country and dear freedom's cause.

Washington was not alone. Several of his favorite officers were there, either seated on rude camp-stools, or standing in respectful positions near his side.

Among them was Simeon Sabberday, one of the lieutenants of the Life Guard. Washington, whatever were his thoughts and emotions, was never very communicative, although he was one of the most courteous of men, and on this occasion, with the exception of asking a few questions about the country, on the route which he was tracing, from those who were acquainted with it, he scarcely spoke to those around him.

Suddenly a terrific sound, like the blowing of a cracked horn by some one of great strength of lungs was heard—then the loud challenge of a sentinel, followed an instant after by the report of his gun, and then the heavy crash of a horse's steel-shod hoofs at full speed. The horse, foaming and panting, was stopped at the very entrance of the tent, and the next instant Saul, in his strange garb, entered the tent.

"Where's Gin'ral Washington?" he asked, as he strode in, covered with dust and sweat.

"I am he—what is wanted, young man?" said the general, and a frown settled on his brow.

"You Gin'ral Washington? Why, you're a man like other folks!"

A smile took the place of the frown upon the chief's brow. He was amused at the simplicity of one who had believed him to be more than man.

"Hallo, you there, brother Simeon!" continued Saul, as he saw the lieutenant. "I've got a letter for you from sissy, but I've got business with Gin'ral Washington. I can't talk to common folks till that is attended to!"

The importance of Saul's tone and the oddity of his rig, brought a peal of laughter from all of the officers, in spite of the presence of their general, who joined in it as heartily as any of them.

"Laughin' 'cause you never saw a fool before? Maybe you'll laugh t'other side of your mouths purty soon!" said Saul, as he drew Seth's letter from an inside pocket and handed it to Washington.

The latter hastily opened it and a glad smile illuminated his countenance, as he read its contents.

"This is indeed good news, and you are a most welcome messenger!" said he to Saul. "You shall be well rewarded!"

"I don't want nothin' but somethin' to eat for me and Nathan Hale's horse that I've e'en a'most killed ridin' so fast; you see I borrowed him from the widow Hale, 'cause Nathan was hung by the darned Britishers, and can't ride no more! Yes, there's one other thing that I want!" said Saul.

"Name it, my brave lad—name it!" said the great chief.

"Did you hear that, brother Simeon? General Washington called me a *brave* lad. By golly, let me only have a *real* sword and I *will* be one, if I have to chop off fifty Britishers' heads!" said Saul to his brother. Then turning to the general he said: "The thing I wanted to know, gin'ral, was, why that sojer fell out there shot at me when I was a-ridin' full split to bring you that letter. See here, he's put a hole right spang through my regimental hat!"

Saul here exhibited, with the utmost nonchalance, a hole where the bullet of the sentinel had pierced his hat.

"You shall have a new hat, but you have run a fearful risk. An inch lower and the bullet would have pierced your brain!" said Washington.

"They say fools haven't got any brains!" said Simeon, in a manner so serious that it completely upset the gravity of the officers once more.

"You are no fool, my brave boy!" said the general, not joining in the laugh.

"Do you hear *that*, brother Simeon? the gin'ral says I'm no fool! Oughtn't he to know?" cried Saul.

"Is that young man your brother, Lieutenant Sabberday?" asked the chief.

"Yes, general; he is unfortunately weak-

minded, but his heart is in the right place!" replied the officer.

"I see that it is. He has rendered a very important service in bringing me the news of the capture of a large armed transport by your brother Seth, full of that which we much need, munitions of war. At daybreak you will march with a detachment of mounted men to escort the stores into camp. Meanwhile, take your brother to your quarters and see that he has every attention paid to his comfort, and see that one of my own grooms takes good care of his horse. You are excused from further duty to-night."

"Come along, Saul!" said the lieutenant.

"What about my new hat, Gin'ral? Shall it be military, and have a feather in it and a cockade?" said Saul, not heeding his brother's words.

"Yes," said the general, with a smile. "Come to me in the morning, and it shall be attended to; I wish to have a talk with you, and if you are as keen and patriotic as I take you to be, I may have some important service for you."

"Do you hear that, brother Simeon? General WASHINGTON wants to talk to me! Don't you never call me a fool again; if you do I'll—"

What Saul intended to do remains a mystery still, for Simeon literally pulled him out of the tent and took him to his own at the same time giving orders to have the tried horse attended to. Once in his brother's tent, Saul cooled down, delivered Ruth's letter, and told Simeon all the news about matters at home. He then ate a hearty supper, tumbled down on a camp-bed, and was soon sound asleep, dreaming perchance of the new hat and feather which was to grace his head on the morrow.

Poor, simple lad. Little did he think of the weary watchings, of the prayerful, earnest studies of him upon whom a nation's fate depended, who in deep anxiety was plotting and planning how to save his almost shattered army, and to check the inroads of a tyrant's mercenary hirelings, upon his native soil.

In how many cases do we find the words of the poet verified:

"Ignorance is bliss."

CHAPTER V.

THE morning sun rose in a cloudless sky. When the first tap of the drum and the first shrill note of the fife commenced the *reveille*. Saul sprang to his feet and rushed into the open air. As he looked at the multitude of tents which he had not seen in the darkness of the previous evening, his eyes opened almost as large as saucers with astonishment, and he expressed his wonder with but two words: "Oh, golly!"

Just then a bugle joined the fife and drum in the *reveille*.

"*Jerusalem!*" cried Saul. "I guess I can *toot* some too!" And he raised his old bugle to his lips and blew such a blast that it started the entire camp from its slumbers in a little less than no time.

Among those who rushed out to know the meaning of the unearthly sound, was the Commander-in-Chief.

"How now, my young friend? What is the matter?" asked the general. "What are you blowing?"

"The trumpet of Zion am callin' the murderin' Britishers to judgment, gin'ral!" replied Saul. Then turning to his brother he said: "Did you hear *that*, brother Simeon? I'm Gin'ral Washington's *young friend*!"

Simeon now reported to the General that his detachment was ready for the march.

"I hain't got my new hat yet!" cried Saul. "Nor I haven't had any breakfast yet. I can't go!"

"You will *not* go with your brother," said Washington. "I have been thinking of you during the night and have service for you! You shall have breakfast sent you from my own table, and after that I'll see to the matter! Lieutenant Sabberday, say to the lad's mother with my respects, that I will take good care of him and hope to return him safely to his home; but that I have need of him for his country's good!"

"She will be but too happy if he can be of service to your Excellency!" said Simeon.

"And brother Simeon," said Saul, "tell mother, Gin'ral Washington says I'm no fool, but a brave lad and his young friend and he's goin' to give me a new hat with a cockade and a feather in it, and send me vittals from his own table!"

Simeon smiled and turned to go.

"Stop a minute—I ain't done yet!" cried Saul. "Tell sister Ruth not to marry Chet Parsons till I come home a real live gin'ral, and tell widow Hale that I'll take good care of Nathan's horse for her. I know you'll go there; you're so awful sweet on Lizzie!"

Simeon, soldier as he was, blushed at this insinuation, and hurriedly mounted his horse, while Saul, by direction of the general, returned to his brother's tent to wait for his breakfast.

It soon came, and with an appetite freshened

by his recent exercise, and the brisk morning air, Saul sat down to its disposal. The way that broiled chicken, ham and eggs, corn bread and his coffee disappeared, was a caution to dyspeptics. Before Saul had quite finished all that was on the large tray or waiter before him, an orderly appeared with a new Continental hat, handsomely ornamented with a fine ostrich feather and a neat cockade.

"Is that for me? Oh, *Jerusalem*," cried Saul, as he dropped knife and fork. "Oh, just give me a *real* sword, and put me at the Britishers!"

"His Excellency, the general, wishes to see Mr. Sabberday in his tent after he has breakfasted," said the orderly, and then he saluted Saul and returned to his post.

"Be I wakin' or sleepin'? Be I a-dreamin'? I'll bite my finger and see! Mr. Sabberday—you're a *mister* already, Saul—you'll be a gin'ral next! Let anybody call me a *fool* now, and I'll eat him without salt!"

After this ebullition, Saul put on his new hat and hurried to the quarters of the commanding general.

On arriving there, he found the noble leader and two of his most confidential officers—one of them a general who afterward proved most ungrateful, and would, if he could, have usurped his power, and *tried* to fill his place. Fill Washington's place! Vain as preposterous—such an idea!

"Have you breakfasted well, my young friend?" asked the general.

"Oh, everything was awful good!" replied Saul, smacking his lips over the delicious remembrance.

"Well, then, you will be able to talk about business. I have marked you closely, and believe that you can keep a secret, and do exactly as you are told to do."

"That I can, gin'ral; that I can!" said Saul, proudly.

"You wouldn't be afraid to venture into the British camp, and play the fool there, as I direct, to get information for me, would you?"

"No, gin'ral—hang me, if I would. I wouldn't be afraid to go right down below, and take Old Nick by the nose, if *you* sent me there."

"Well, my young friend, I am going to trust you and try you, for I *must* know what they are doing at New York. To-night, I will have you conveyed close to their lines. You must then work your way into the city, and be as foolish as you please—only say you've been to my camp, and wanted to be a soldier, but that my people turned you out of the camp, and laughed at you. They will probably ask you many questions. You must tell them that my army covers acres and acres of ground—that I have immense magazines of powder and the like, and that I am building houses to winter here! Do you understand me?"

"I do that, gin'ral!" said Saul, and so intelligent was his look that no one then would have thought him weak-minded.

"And," continued the general, "I wish you to keep both eyes and ears open, and to note in your mind any preparation for marching—see if reinforcements arrive—and if possible, get the English general to believe that you would willingly play the spy on me for him. By so doing, you may get easy egress from his lines, and here you will find a warm welcome, whenever, as last evening, you come as a bearer of good news. Now do you thoroughly understand me?"

"I do, gin'ral, and if I don't carry out all you want me to, I'll give you leave to call me a fool again!" said Saul, with an intelligent look. "But you must keep this fine hat for me—I can't play the fool in it half so well as in t'other one."

"True; you have more wit, now, than the rest of us," said the general. "You can retire, now, and see all that can be seen in the camp. Dinner will be in your brother's tent at twelve. Come to me at an hour before sunset, and I will give you your final instructions."

The interview was at an end, and the happy Saul sallied forth to see the sights.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Lieutenant Simeon Sabberday arrived at New London, with his detachment and wagon-train, ready to receive and receipt for the munitions taken by his brother Seth, so that the latter could secure the proper amount of prize-money from the Government, for himself and crew, warm was the meeting between the brave patriot brothers. Taller, and even more muscular and fully developed, than his brother, Simeon looked, in his well fitting Continental uniform, to be—what he really was—every inch a *man*!

And tender was the greeting which Simeon received from his fond mother and loving sister. But the former, ever as mindful of her unfortunate, as well as her more gifted sons, inquired anxiously for him.

"At the desire of the Commander-in-Chief, who seemed to be much taken with him, and thought to make him useful, I left him at the camp," replied Simeon. "And," added he, "the general bade me present his respects to you, and to say that he would take the best of

care of him, and endeavor to restore him in safety to you."

"What! George Washington send his respects to a poor old widow like me, Simeon? Is thee not mistaken?"

"No, dear mother. He is one of the best of men, utterly devoid of pride or haughtiness, and a Christian in all his ways!"

"Then God will bless him!" said the widow, and a glow of pleasure came out, rosily, on her pale cheek.

Simeon now related to his relative the manner in which Saul had introduced himself to Washington. Though the mother and sister turned pale, when they heard how narrowly he had escaped the shot of the sentinel, they could not refrain from laughing heartily at the rest of his adventures—especially his calling the British to judgment with his trumpet of Zion.

While they were thus enjoying the narration, Chester Parsons entered: and Simeon, who received him with the warmth of a brother, delivered Saul's message in regard to himself and Ruth. Both Chester and Ruth blushed like two school-children caught in the act of kissing each other, by the teacher, and Ruth said:

"Thee has said enough for this time, brother Simeon. Thee had better go over and see Lizzie Hale, now—she has need enough of thy love and consolation!"

"She shall have more!" said Simeon, bitterly. "Whenever I again draw my sword in the battle's front, my war-cry shall be—'*Nathan Hale and vengeance!*' I have sworn it!"

"Thee must not swear, Simeon! Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord!" said Mrs. Sabberday, solemnly.

Simeon made no reply, but excusing himself to his friends, he hurried away, to visit the stricken one to whom he had long before given his young heart's first and purest love.

When he entered the house, a pale, sad girl, clad in robes of deepest black, which contrasted strongly with her colorless cheek and snowy neck and shoulders, uttered a low cry of joy, and, springing forward she buried her face in his bosom, while she clasped her white arms around his manly form. And there she wept, long and bitterly; nor did he try to check that shower of the heart-storm's rain. He knew that the heart, like a surcharged cloud, is lightened and brightened by the tears it sheds, and he let her weep on.

At last, however, she became calm, and a sad smile shone out from amid her tears, like sunlight coming from beneath a cloud, and then she conducted him to her mother. And then, as a *Christian* and a *soldier*—for both can be united, though, alas, they seldom are—he spoke to both mother and daughter and counseled resignation to the will of that indomitable Providence which, in permitting Nathan to die for his country, had so sorely bereaved them.

Oh, it was a goodly sight, to see that brave young soldier who, on the battle-field, was so fearless, kneeling there by the side of that pale girl and her grieving mother, and asking the God of the widow and the fatherless to support them in that their dread hour of tribulation.

CHAPTER VII.

SIR HENRY CLINTON was seated in his comfortable quarters opposite to the old "Bowling Green," in New York, engaged in the truly *regal* game of chess with Lord Cornwallis, when one of his aids entered and said:

"If your Excellency is not too much engaged, I have a curiosity that I would wish to introduce."

"In what shape is it, Percy?" asked Clinton, as he made a move on the board. "Questionable or unquestionable?"

"Questionable, your Excellency. He seems to be a fool, but he may be a knave. But be he either, or both, he has recently been in the American camp, and your Excellency may worm some important news out of him. I found him wandering about the city a laughing-stock for the soldiers and people, and took charge of him."

"You were right, quite right, Percy. Bring him to me immediately. Cornwallis, we will defer this game for a time," said Clinton, rising, and adding to his cheeks' rich glow by taking a glass of rich Jamaica from the side-board.

The aid went out, but soon returned with our hero, Saul, who strutted in, in the full glory of his perforated hat full of cock's feathers, and with his wooden sword by his side.

"Who are you?" said Sir Henry, sternly.

"Saul Sabberday! Who be you, Mr. Sojerman?" replied our hero, entirely unabashed.

"Sir Henry Clinton, commander of the British army!" replied the officer, hardly repressing a smile.

"Why, you're only a *man*, too, like General Washington; but you ain't so big by half a head!"

"You've seen him, then?"

"Guess I have. I wanted to be a sojer, and wear fine clothes, and carry a *real* sword, like you, and I went to him—like to got killed in doing it. See here, where the darned sojer shot a hole through my regimental hat 'cause I wouldn't stop when he hollered at me. And

what do you think? The darned old cuss wouldn't have me in his army, so I thought I'd come to York and see if I couldn't do better on t'other side!"

"You're a fool!"

"So they tell me; can't you tell me somethin' I don't know?"

"Hemp is cheap in these quarters!"

"Is it? then if your gals are good for anything at spinning and weaving, you'll not want for summer trowsers when it gets warm ag'in!"

"We use hemp for another purpose!"

"Do you? What's that?"

"We hang *spies* with it!"

"*Spies*—what be they? Anything like sausages? Good to eat, eh? If they are, I want some, for I'm all-fired hungry."

At this moment several general officers entered.

"Take that fool into the next room and give him some breakfast," said Sir Henry to his servant; "but keep him there—I wish to talk more with him when I am disengaged."

Saul was conducted into the next room and a plentiful supply of food placed before him. He appeared to be ravenously hungry, and to devote most of his attention to the disappearing viands, yet not one word of a very animated conversation and discussion in the next room escaped his listening ear.

After awhile, the officers having left and the breakfast having been disposed of, Saul was recalled into the presence of the British leader.

"How many men had Washington in his camp when you were there?" asked Sir Henry.

"I don't know. There were stacks on stacks, and acres of 'em. Hosses and cattle and sheep and hogs, and lots of out-door cellars, all brim-full of powder!" said Saul.

"What were they doing?" asked the general, fixing his keen eye upon the face of Saul, as if he would read the thoughts expressed there, rather than those which came from his lips.

"Building houses and barns to keep them and the hosses warm this winter," said Saul, coolly.

"Ah! This is indeed *news*!" said the general, rising and pacing the floor in deep thought.

"So you want to be a soldier, do you?" said he, at last, turning suddenly upon Saul.

"Yes, and to have a *real* gun that'll go pop, bang! And to have a *real* toad-sticker, like that one you've got on!"

In spite of his dignity and natural *hauteur* Clinton laughed heartily at the words and manner of Saul.

"Keep on a-laughin', Gin'ral; folks git fat that laugh," said Saul.

"You're like most Yankees, fond of money; are you not?" asked Clinton.

"Don't know; never had none 'cept a penny now and then to buy a ginger cake with on trainin' day," replied Saul.

"Suppose I should give you a purse of golden guineas, could you serve me faithfully and do as I bade you?"

"Guess I *could*! But what on earth could I do with so much money?"

"Buy yourself a gun and sword and become a soldier for his majesty!" replied the wily general.

"So I could, so I could," cried Saul, eagerly.

"What d'ye want me to do, gin'ral?"

"I will tell you this evening. Be here at sunset. There is a guinea for you to get your dinner with, or anything else you want."

"Golly, how it shines!" said Saul, as he clutched the golden coin and backed out from "the presence."

CHAPTER VIII.

It was the evening of the twenty-fourth day of October, 1776. Washington was in high spirits, for Lieutenant Simeon Sabberday had just arrived with a large supply of munitions of war. His officers and men resumed a cheerfulness that recent unfortunate events had driven from their hearts, and his eagle eye seemed again to pierce the dark cloud which overhung the land that looked to him for its salvation.

"Once more we are ready for the field; let the minions of the tyrant come on!" he said, as he paced to and fro in his marquee.

His soliloquy was interrupted by the officer of the guard, who brought with him a prisoner who had been arrested in the act of passing the lines. It was Saul.

"Here is that fool again, your excellency!" said the officer. "He came near being shot again, as he surely *will* be, if he doesn't quit his freaks!"

"He is no fool, but a welcome messenger, I hope," said Washington. "In future give orders that he be allowed to pass in and out without interruption."

"Do you hear that, Mr. Officer? I'm no fool! Gin'ral Washington says so, and he *never* lies!" cried Saul, as the astonished officer bowed and retired.

"Well, my young friend, what news?" said Washington. "But perhaps you are hungry and tired and would like something to eat before you tell me?"

"No, gin'ral, no! I'm hungry as an owl in snow-time, that's a fact; but business fust and vittals afterward. The British have started

from York and mean to surprise you and have a fight in the mornin'. There's a big heap of 'em, and a whole lot of sour-kraut eatin' Hessians."

"Your news is important, my brave boy! Did you see Sir Henry Clinton?"

"I *did* that, and he fed me fust rate, and then gave me this bag of shinin' guineas to hire me to watch you for him. I want you to take 'em, and buy powder to shoot Britishers with; for their gold burns in my pocket, and I won't have nothin' to do with it!"

"I'll take it, my brave young friend, and use it as you wish, but American gold shall supply its place! You shall be none the poorer for your honest patriotism!" replied Washington, taking Clinton's purse, but putting a heavier one in Saul's hand.

The latter eyed it a moment, and then said:

"Gin'ral, I wish you'd do something for me?"

"What is it that you wish?" asked the general.

"I wish you'd send one of your sojermen home to New London with this gold, and tell him to give one-half to my mother and t'other half to the widow Hale. Mother's given away all her money to fit out Simeon and Seth for the war, and widow Hale hasn't got no Nathan to help her!"

"It shall be done, noble-hearted boy!" said Washington, and a tear actually started in the great man's eye. "If God has not given thee all the sense that others possess he has not stinted thee in *heart*," he added.

"And please, gin'ral, let the sojerman tell mother that I *earned* the money—she knows I wouldn't steal, or *lie*, except to fool the Britishers. And let him say, please, that I'm doin' my *duty*, and that you like me."

"I will write a letter to her *myself*, and to that effect," replied Washington.

"Jerusalem! Will you, though, gin'ral? Oh, won't she be glad! She'll do everything but dance, and she'd do that, but she's a Quaker, and don't know how."

"Well, go to your brother's tent, now!" said Washington. "Go and get some supper—I will write the letter and dispatch the messenger—and then I must prepare to receive my visitors in the morning. Do not mention what you told me to any one else—not even to your brother!"

"Not a word, gin'ral—not a word! I'll keep as still as a well-fed mouse!" said Saul. And then he added, "Mayn't I have a real gun and fight the Britishers to-morrow, gin'ral?"

"No, my brave boy—to be useful to *me*, you must keep out of their sight at present, except when you go among them as an apparent friend."

"Wall, jist as you say, gin'ral, but I *should* like to have jist one pop at 'em!"

And Saul's face wore a look of humorous sorrow as he sauntered off to his brother's tent to secure refreshments.

CHAPTER IX.

ALL the night long, previous to the dawn of October the 25th, a day which should ever be memorable in the annals of Westchester county, Washington and his officers were active in their preparations to meet and repulse the foe, which, he learned from other sources than Saul, had been recently strengthened by a large force of Hessians under General Knyphausen, and a regiment of Irish cavalry.

And when the sun arose on that day, it found the American army strongly posted on the rising ground to the southward and westward of the present village of White Plains, his right flank on the Bronx and his left at almost a right angle with his center. The ground was high and broken, and well calculated for the spirited defense against superior numbers and discipline, which followed.

On the west side of the Bronx, about a mile from the American camp, the brave General McDougal was stationed with about sixteen hundred men, many of whom, unfortunately, were raw militia, who had not yet been reduced to the steadiness of the regulars. He was there stationed to cover the right flank of the patriot army.

After a reconnoissance, the British generals determined to force this position, and for that purpose, Colonel Rahl—who was doomed to fall soon after on the soil which for *hire* he invaded, for he fell at Trenton—was ordered to take McDougal in the rear with his Hessians, while General Leslie attacked them in front with a powerful force.

Meantime, the booming cannon began to thunder and the hurtling shot to shower heavy and fast upon the American center. And now, as in many other battles of the Revolution, a fatal error occurred. As his opponents advanced, McDougal threw the raw militia into his front line, where, all unused as they were to standing fire, they had to meet the first shock of the veteran foe. It was not cowardice, but want of that union which discipline and length of service instills, which caused them, after receiving a single fire, which was returned with irregularity and but little effect, to retreat, causing confusion and disorder among the regulars in their rear.

But the latter were soon in order again, and nobly did they strive to retrieve the fortunes of the day. Amid a galling fire from Leslie's brigade, they rushed down the hill, and for a time swept back the horde of red-coats and Hessians in their front. Colonel Smallwood's regiment from Maryland, and Colonel Reitzimer's of New York, covered themselves with glory. But, alas! when victory seemed to be theirs, the bugles of Rahl's Hessians sounded in their rear, and they found themselves almost hemmed in by a merciless foe.

There was but one thing for them to do—not to retreat or surrender—for the invincible Putnam had joined them, and those words were not in his vocabulary—but as the night of a bloody day was drawing on, to effect a junction with the main army, which they did with but little opposition, for the enemy, to use an old soldier's own expression—one who was *there*—had "had their bellies full of fighting for that day!"

Night closed in, but Washington slept not. Seeing the immense superiority of the enemy, he sent his heavy baggage and stores to a secure position in the rear, and strengthened his intrenchments so as to be ready for an expected attack in the morning.

But when morning came, the British leader saw how strongly the American General was posted, and he dared not attack him until reinforced by six strong battalions which were advancing from New York under Lord Percy.

These arrived on the thirtieth, and he made arrangements for the assault on the next morning. But the God of Battles was with the children of freedom, and the clouds of the ensuing day poured down such floods of rain that the attack was postponed. And in the night of that day Washington, as prudent as he was brave, retired with his army about five miles to North Castle, where, in a most advantageous position, he anxiously waited for an assault.

But he waited in vain. The enemy dared not meet him there, but returned down the Hudson, committing every atrocity as they went, and leaving naught but ruin and desolation in their track.

A few days after Washington commenced his masterly retreat across the Hudson into Jersey on his way toward Philadelphia.

There were many incidents worthy of the historian's pen in this battle, which have almost died away upon the lips of tradition, but one there was, which, as a chronicler of the doings of Saul Sabberday, I cannot omit.

When Colonel Smallwood fell wounded at the head of his gallant Marylanders, so fierce was the charge of the British who wished to capture him, that the brave men, almost decimated by death, fell back, and for a moment, deemed their valiant leader lost.

But at that instant a terrible bugle-blast was heard, and with his Continental hat upon his head and a *real* saber in his hand, Saul came dashing at full speed upon the foe, blowing fearful blasts upon his trumpet of Zion. In a moment he was upon the enemy, cutting right and left, and they, believing him to be a dashing leader of a desperate band of cavalry, turned and fled. The Continentals rallied, and Smallwood was saved, while near a dozen of the flying British went to "judgment" under Saul's terrific blows.

"Well done, my hero! Well done—you deserve an epaulet for that!" shouted Putnam, as he rode up and shook Saul by the hand.

"Hooray for me!" cried Saul, rising in his stirrups and stroking the mane of the noble steed which once had belonged to Nathan Hale—"hooray for everybody but the red-coats. 'Old Put' has called me a hero!"

"Yes, and you shall sup with old Put!" said the general, as he gave orders to close in toward the main army.

"I s'pect the gin'ral'll scold me!" said Saul, "for he told me to stay in Simeon's tent; but darn me into Jericho if I could, after I heard the shootin' goin' on!"

"I'll make it all right with the general," said Putnam. "Ride along by my side—you deserve the post of honor, for you've saved one of the best and bravest officers in the army by your courage this day, and I shall tell His Excellency of it."

"Now don't you, Gin'ral Putnam—'cause he might keep me in, next time," replied Saul.

"Old Put" only laughed, and rode on, while Saul proudly took the post of honor assigned to him.

CHAPTER X.

THE Thunderbolt had been in port for nearly three weeks. During this time, Mr. Elijah Bunker had busied himself with such of the crew as he could keep on board in setting up the rigging and reparing it, scraping and slushing masts and booms, mending sails, painting the vessel, getting in wood, water, and provisions, and completely refitting her. He was one of that class who was only contented on ship-board, never cared to visit the shore, and loved to see woman—at a distance, how far off he cared not, so that she wasn't within hail of him!

Judge then the surprise of Captain Seth,

when one evening as he was seated in the old-fashioned parlor, talking to his mother, while Chester and Ruth were talking in a distant corner, Elijah stalked in and seated himself before him.

"What news, Elijah?" he asked.

"I've had a dream," said the officer, solemnly.

"So have I had many a one," said Seth, with a gay laugh.

"But this was a dream with a sign," continued 'Lijah, earnestly.

"A sign, eh? Well, let us hear it, 'Lijah."

"I dreamed that we was to sea again," said the mate. "We was to sea, all fitted out below and aloft, which we *are*, and that we were a-runnin' free in the gulf stream outside of Hatteras, or thereabouts, and that we fell in with one of the English cruisers, and gave her one of the darnedest lickin's you ever heard tell of. And when we come to go aboard, after she'd gin in and struck her colors, I thought she was the richest prize we had ever run afoul of—gold in bags and silver in kegs, all to pay off the troops with—sent from the Indies."

"You're great on dreams, 'Lige!"

"I know that, Cap'n Seth!" replied Elijah, crossing one long leg over the other, and putting about a quarter of a pound of tobacco inside of his starboard cheek. "And," he continued, "the best of it is that my dreams all come true! Don't you remember my dream about the chicken fight?"

"Oh, yes—that did come true! Won't you take a glass of cider on the strength of it?"

"No, thankee; cider doesn't agree with me," said the blunt seaman.

"Well, I'll see if I can't hunt you up some old Jamaica," said Seth, rising. "Mother keeps a little in the house as a medicine, I believe."

"Does thee never dream with thy eyes open, friend Elijah?" asked Mrs. Sabberday, wishing to occupy Elijah's attention while Seth was gone.

"I don't know but I do, ma'am," said the mate, with rather a roguish look in his eyes, "specially when young fellers get to forgettin' among the wimmin folks that they've got other duty ahead o' 'em!"

And here Elijah glanced at Chester and Ruth with a meaning look. But they were too much absorbed with themselves to notice his words.

Seth now returned with a brimming old-fashioned goblet of Jamaica rum, which he handed to Elijah, saying at the same time:

"You must have all hands aboard by sunrise to-morrow, 'Lijah—I'm going to sea again; we've been idle too long now!"

"That's the best news I've heard in a coon's age. Here's to a lucky cruise, and may my dream come true!" cried Elijah, as he emptied the large goblet at a single swallow, first temporarily removing his quid. This done, he rose, made an awkward bow, and retired. Twenty minutes afterward the crew of the Thunderbolt received the news that they were to sail on the morrow with nine hearty cheers, and Elijah, in the exuberance of his joy, unlocked the spirit-room and called all hands to "splice the main-brace," or, in other words, issued an extra ration of grog, that they might drink a toast similar to that which he had offered over the brown and sparkling Jamaica, kept for medicine by the good widow Sabberday.

True to his promise, though many a tearful eye witnessed his departure, Captain Seth sailed on the first of the ebb tide the next morning, leaving the Terrible to be sold, and his prize money all to be collected by his prize agent.

And, when the night comes, we will follow him on his cruise, and see whether Elijah's dream came true.

CHAPTER XI.

NEVER, during the war of the Revolution, did the prospects of our country seem so dark as in December, 1776. Washington had lost Forts Washington and Lee at and opposite New York; he had literally been chased across New Jersey by a large and well-provided army, flushed with its recent victories, and then, with troops half starved, almost naked, and without tents, forced to cross the Delaware to its western bank. Congress seemed deaf to his appeals for help—the militia were deserting by hundreds, and the star of liberty seemed indeed to be entering a cloud whence it never could emerge. Almost any one but that heaven-guided leader would have desponded in such a position, but placing his trust in God, he never, for an instant, faltered, or let one of his officers or men observe a single sign of doubt in his serene countenance.

And where had Saul been during these long and hurried marches—these terrible privations? True to the cause and its leader—more faithful than many who were more gifted than himself—he had clung to the army, and, with his eccentricities and fun, had often cheered up those who were ready to sink under their sufferings. Where was he now in the hour of trial? Let us see.

It was a cold and bitter day, that of December the 25th, 1776. And though it was Christmas, scant indeed was the cheer in the American camp—so scant that many a one lay down in

his tent moaning with hunger, or sat in the rude huts, raised temporarily, and bewailed the darkness which seemed to shroud his native land.

It was almost night of that day, and, as orders had been given for the troops to look to their arms, and extra ammunition had been distributed among the officers, the troops knew that some daring night enterprise was projected by their beloved commander. But he was one who kept his own counsel, and no one knew, except a few confidential officers, what his intentions were. The ground was frozen, the weather most inclement, and a heavy snow-storm was falling.

It was near the hour of sunset, though no sun could be seen, when a person came hurrying through the storm from the direction of the Delaware. By his dress, he would have been taken for a Jersey Dutchman—one of the regular sweet cider, sourkroutish sort. But no one could mistake his face, now lighted, as it had been in his great charge at White Plains, with the fires of intelligence and of patriotism. It was our hero, Saul Sabberday.

"Well, Saul," said the commander-in-chief, as he saw him approach the single wall tent, which formed the *then* "head-quarters of the army"—"well, Saul, what news? Have you been inside of the enemy's lines?"

"Haven't been anywhere else, gin'ral!" replied Saul. "And such a drunken set of cusses as them Hessians at Trenton are you never saw! Why, distillery pigs are nowhere with 'em!"

"Have they no pickets out?"

"Pickets, gin'ral? I didn't see any pickets 'ceptin' picket fences!"

"Picket guards, I mean, outside of the town—patrols to guard them from a surprise!" said the general.

"Never a one did I see, gin'ral!" replied Saul. "The drunken Dutchmen have been a-singin' songs and dancing all day. They offered me just as much cider and beer as I could swill, but though I'm only a fool, they couldn't get none of their drunk-makin' stuff down my gullet!"

"How many do you think there are in Trenton?"

"Nigh on to two thousand, gin'ral, and some of them same Dutchmen that we fought at White Plains are there. I knowed 'em by their regimentals!"

"Gentlemen," said Washington to the officers, who had grouped around him, "this news by our ever-faithful friend but confirms me in my opinions as stated in the council. We shall find the enemy unprepared, and though it will be a work of peril and hardship to cross the river in the face of such a storm, it *must* be done! Remember that I lead, and no one should shrink from hardships or dangers where the commander-in-chief leads!"

"Not one of us will shrink!" cried several of the chief officers at once.

Washington's face grew bright with enthusiasm.

"Generals Irvine and Cadwallader, put your columns in motion at once!" he cried. "You have your orders; obey them as closely as possible. This night, please God, we will strike such a blow as shall make tyrants tremble and patriots rejoice throughout all the land!"

Then turning to one of his staff, he said: "Let the central column, which I shall lead, be ready for the march at once!"

"Don't start, gin'ral, till I git my regimentals on, and git my sword and them 'ere pistols you gave me. It's so all-fired cold to-night that if a feller don't do some fightin', he'll freeze!" cried Saul.

"There will be time for you to equip yourself, and to get something to eat besides. My servant will get something for you. And mark you, my brave lad, keep near my side to-night, for I have promised to send you back in safety to your mother," said Washington.

"Darn the step'll I go till all the fightin' is over, and the Britishers and Hessians run out of the country!" said Saul, as he went after his supper and equipments.

It was a fearful night indeed when the head of that patriot column reached the spot selected for a crossing. The rapid current of the Delaware was bearing down vast masses of ice, scarce leaving a spot of open water for the oars and setting-poles of the boatmen. The winter wind howled drearily over the plain, and whistled wildly through the leafless tree-tops. Great flakes of blinding snow filled the air, and the cold benumbed the hands and forms of the soldiers. But not a murmur rose from their lips, even though some of them were perishing,* for their loved leader's eye was on them, he shared each peril and suffered, too, with them.

Slowly and with great difficulty, especially with the horses and artillery, the head of the column was embarked. And then, amid the crashing ice, and the driving snow, and the howling storm, the noble crews of the frail scows struggled against the rushing tide. On—

*Two privates, in that column, were frozen to death on that night, and very many frost-bitten.

on through the darkness they rowed and pushed, until, through fearful danger, the other shore was gained. The boats thus came and went, until, at last, all of that column was over. Not so fortunate those under the brave Irvine and Cadwallader. They were not destined to share in the glories of the coming day—nor could they carry out all of the daring plan of the sagacious chief, who intended to have swept all that Jersey shore that night, and to have struck at three or four different points. He had retreated as far as he intended to, and he was determined to conquer or to die! It was a desperate hour, and desperate measures only could succeed.

It was three in the morning before all were across, and nearly four o'clock before the column could be got in marching order, amid the terrible storm of snow and hail. But this war of elements seemed to veil the movements of the troops, and when, at eight o'clock, the gallant men reached the town, they found their foes all unprepared.

No time was lost, but with loud cheers they rushed to the charge. But springing to their arms, and led by the gray-haired veteran, Rahl, the Hessians offered a bold defense. Yet all in vain. Rahl fell at the head of his men, and they, finding many of their number slain, and all but a few who had escaped surrounded, threw down their arms and piteously begged for that "quarter" which they had never given—they, the base miscreants who had robbed, murdered, and ravished wherever they went. And mercy was accorded to the merciless!

Now, how anxiously did Washington wait to hear from the cannon and muskets of Irvine, below, and of Cadwallader at Mount Holly. But alas he heard them not—they could not surmount the perils and obstacles which his mighty will had conquered. And with a powerful and numerous foe very near him, and outnumbered with over one thousand prisoners, the general had but one course to pursue. He must recross the Delaware and rejoin his other troops—to save his prisoners and secure the arms, munitions, and stores which he had captured.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN Seth Sabberday went to sea and was fairly outside, while he was taking his "bearing and distances" from Block Island and Montauk Point, so as to commence his sea-reckoning, Elijah Bunker came aft; he had been forward seeing to the securing of the anchors, etc., and said:

"Which way be you goin' to put her nose, Cap'n Seth?"

"Off to the eastward, I reckon!" replied Seth. "We may fall in with another of the transports!"

"Not in this latitude; I haven't dreamed o' none!" said Elijah. "But if we run down to Hatteras we'll be spang sure o' one!"

"Yes, one of their West India droghers with Jamaica rum aboard for a courage-feeder to their armies! That rum is what you are dreaming of, isn't it, 'Lige?"

"Captain Seth, I thought you knew me better. Haven't we got half a dozen barrels aboard? You know I'm no pig, nor a swill-tub neither!" replied Elijah indignantly.

"Pshaw, can't you see through a joke, 'Lige?"

"I ought to, when there's liquor in it, Cap'n Seth; but you know I'm kind o' touchy, 'specially when I've had a dream with a sign to it!"

"Well, 'Lige, I'll humor this dream of yours. At the helm there—keep her away south by west, half west! Round in the weather braces, ease up the tacks and head sheets, and stand by to set the larboard stun-sails!"

"Hurrah for Hatteras and a cord o' prize money!" cried Elijah, as he sprung forward to see these orders executed. Seeing Chester Parsons standing by the lee gangway, looking sadly toward the land now fading in the blue distance, he said:

"Cheer up, Chet; we'll have another prize to send home afore another week, and I won't go in her, you know. You'll see your gal ag'in soon!"

Chester laughed and turned to his duty, yet there was a sadness in his look that spoke of dark forebodings in his heart.

Now with a good fresh breeze from the northward and eastward, covered with canvas from her deck up to her very truck, the Thunderbolt dashed off, scattering the white foam far and wide on either side of her sharp bows and leaving a smooth and snowy wake behind her. Her crew gladdened to be once more

"On the bosom of the dark blue sea, Their souls as boundless and their hearts as free,"

worked with alacrity, and Captain Seth had good reason to be proud of his command.

It was the morning of their fourth day out and during all this time they had scarcely had occasion to raise tack or sheet or touch a brace, but now suddenly, just as day was breaking, when they were nearly down to Cape Hatteras, the wind died away and the sails flapped idly

against the mast as the vessel pitched and rolled in the heavy swell.

"Sail, ho!" shouted the man from the mast-head as the first gray of dawn lighted up the eastern horizon.

"My dream, my dream!" cried Elijah, excitedly, for this was the first vessel they had sighted since they had left port.

"Whereaway?" shouted back Captain Seth, springing up from the cabin where the cheering cry had reached him.

"Broad on the larboard beam, sir!" replied the look-out. "And, by jingo, there's another, two more—another on the larboard bow—one on our quarter—a whole fleet of 'em, sir, and all square-rigged!"

"You can come down from aloft. I can see them from deck, as the light lifts!" said Seth, raising his spyglass to his eye.

The inspection did not seem to please him much for he muttered bitter words while his glass was up, and then looking all around the horizon as if to note the weather-signs, he said:

"Curse such luck! If this calm continues, our chances for a British-prison ship are ninety-nine in a hundred!"

"We'll have wind enough afore long!" said Elijah, pointing to a heavy cloud-bank that was rolling up in the south-east. "But what are them creeters?" pointing to the vessels which were pitching lazily on the rolling seas not more than four or five miles distant.

"British men-o'-war—seventy-fours, frigates, and one sloop-o'-war—seven of 'em all told!" said Captain Seth, in a tone which spoke his dissatisfaction. "Nothing to do but to run for it, and no wind to run with! There, the bloody sharks have made us out, and their bulldogs have commenced to bark!"

This last remark was caused by seeing a puff of smoke belch out from the bow port of the nearest frigate, and soon the booming sound of the gun came down upon the still air.

"Let 'em shoot and be damned, no shot can reach us, and it's too rough for boats!" said Elijah, coolly.

"Where are we? Can you tell by the land?" asked Seth, glancing at the low sandy beach to the westward of them.

"Guess I can. I used to come down this 'ere region after turpentine—run more'n five years in that trade," replied Elijah, taking the glass and carefully examining the shore. Having done this, he sprung into the larboard main rigging and set his glass on a range of huge breakers which were nearly ahead and all along on the larboard bow. Having satisfied himself, he sprung on deck, and said:

"We're in purty considerable of a scrape, Cap'n Seth, but with sweet ile and patience, I guess we'll get out of it."

"Where are we?" asked Seth.

"In the bite of Hatteras," replied the mate. "That 'ere p'int on the starboard bow is Hatteras—the Diamond Shoal is purty near right ahead, and all outside o' that for eight or nine miles is nothin' but ragin' breakers."

"Hemmed in, the enemy all around us, and nothing but wreck and ruin ahead; curse your dreams!" cried the young man, bitterly.

"Now don't you take on that 'ere way, Cap'n Seth," said Elijah; "I never got a craft into a fix that I couldn't get her out of. If the wind comes the way I think it will, and you jist keep cool, we can show them fellers our heels easy enough, and maybe set some of 'em to buttin' their brains out ag'in Hatteras rocks."

"What do you mean, 'Lige?" asked Seth, in a less impatient tone, for he had great confidence in the truth and sagacity of his mate.

"Jist this: there's a channel between the Diamond Shoal and the pitch of the Cape, with plenty of water for us, and skeerse enough for one o' them frigates; besides it's all-fired crooked, and none too wide for them that don't know it!"

"There is no such channel laid down in the chart!" said Chester, who had just come up from examining it.

"I don't keer a darn for the chart; it's laid down in my mem'ry box, Chet!" said Elijah. "I've been through it when I was a-turpentinin', more than twenty times. Old Cap'n Doolittle always beat through there when the wind was light to the southward, cause the Gulf stream runs close into the shoals outside, and 'twas all-nation hard to get round 'em!"

"Then all we've got to do is to wait for a breeze and trust to Providence."

Again the nearest frigate, which was not more than three miles distant, fired a gun and showed her colors. The others, too, were signaling her and she answering.

"Up with the Yankee flag and cast loose the long gun; she'll heave shot that far, I know, and John Bull hasn't got such a piece in his service," cried Seth.

Well might he be proud of that gun. It was one of those long, bell-muzzled, heavy-breeched brass guns, of Spanish make, which were such favorites with the pirates of a hundred years ago, carrying shot to an immense range, and for their weight, most easily managed.

With a cheer loud and hearty, from all the crew, the flag was run up to the peak, and Ches-

ter, with the gun's crew, sprung to cast it loose, and slew it around to bear on the enemy, while a quarter-gunner hurried below for more ammunition.

In a few moments the gun was ready, and match in hand, Chester sighted the gun, waiting for the "weather-roll" to send its iron compliments over the rough waters, to the frigate. The time came—the match was applied, away flew the rude messenger, while Seth watched its effect through his glass.

"A trifle too high, Chester," said he. "He'll have to patch his mainsail—see if you can't hull him."

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied the young officer, as he gave orders to reload the gun.

The frigate now fired a broadside but the shot didn't come within a quarter of a mile of the brigantine.

Again Chester carefully sighted his gun, having depressed its muzzle slightly, and watching the roll of the vessel as before, fired.

"Better—you was into his timber that time!" cried Seth gayly. "See if you can't knock some of his spars away; if you take the legs out of him, he can't run out of range, even if the wind should rise!"

Shot after shot was fired—sometimes hulling the frigate, again tearing huge holes in her sails, again cutting away her shrouds and stays.

"At her again!" cried Seth, "the splinters flew from her mainmast that time."

More carefully than ever did Chester sight his gun for the fire. One minute later, and the tall mainmast of the frigate, with all its load of snowy canvas, was seen to shake and reel, then down it came, carrying with it the fore and mizzen top-gallant and top-masts, leaving her almost a wreck upon the water.

"Peg it into her hull now—pay 'em off for Nathan Hale—pay 'em off for Lexington and Concord—give 'em particular fits," shouted Seth, as he rubbed his hands with glee. "Let 'em see that we've Yankee lightning to send in return for British thunder."

Shot after shot was now pitched into the dismantled frigate with fearful precision, and though she still fired an occasional gun, her shower could not reach the privateer. It seemed as if nothing could save her from being sunk where she lay; but, suddenly, Elijah who had been intently watching the rising bank of clouds before spoken of, said:

"Cap'n Seth, if you want to save your light spars, and keep out o' the hands o' them fellers to the east'ard there, you better get in your light canvas and send down the uppermost spars. It's goin' to blow like fury in less than an hour."

Seth glanced quickly at the horizon, and replying, "You are right, 'Lige!" gave the necessary orders, but told Chester not to let up on the frigate for a minute, for she seemed to be settling in the water, and he was confident of sinking her.

To do so would seem cruel, but when—when, I ask, did the English ever spare those whom they called rebels? Let the answer come from the lips of shrieking maidens; let the reply come from the spirit of the murdered Hayne—from Paoli—from the Waxhaws—from Monk's Corners—from the burning villages and desolate homes of Connecticut, New Jersey, South Carolina and New York!

Not an instant too soon did Captain Sabberday give orders to take in sail and send down his light spars. He had scarcely got everything snug below and aloft, when the huge waves in the distance were seen to be crested with foam.

"Secure the gun—clew up and furl the fore-sail—flatten aft the fore and main trysail and jib sheets!" he shouted, as he saw that in less than five minutes the blow would be on him.

Willing hands and skillful make quick work, and when, roaring and whistling, throwing the spray up to her very tops, the gale broke on the Thunderbolt, she was all ready to meet it. Seth cast his glance toward the English fleet, and saw that they too, were prepared and preparing for it, all heading to the southward as if to lay to for it, except the dismantled vessel, which kept her canvas on her—that is, all that she could, and lay heading toward the shore, her commander evidently intending to beach her to keep her from going down in deep water.

When the wind struck the brigantine, the first blast came with such fearful force that her masts bent like reeds, and her lee bow and bulwarks were fairly pressed under water, while she lay without motion. But, in an instant more, she gathered headway, and rising, dashed forward under her three fore and aft sails—the jib, mainsail and fore-trysail—with maddening speed. Seth glanced back toward the spot where he last saw the frigate which he had been peppering. The storm had passed the spot where she had been, but she was no longer in sight—she had gone down.

"So ever perish the willing tools of tyrants!" said he, as he took his station by the side of the helmsman.

After the first fierce gust the gale settled down into a steady blow, and Seth saw that the English fleet, under reefed sails, were hauling on a wind in chase of him. This would have been a laughing matter to him if he had only had the

weather-gauge, but they were all to windward of him, and when once they were around the Hatteras Shoals, they could bear down under flowing sheets and cut him off.

"Breakers on both bows, and breakers ahead!" shouted the look-out from forward.

"Mr. Bunker, are you *sure* about that channel?" asked Seth, nervously.

"Cap'n Seth, did you ever know me to *lie*?" asked Elijah, reproachfully. "Stand by to put the brig on the other tack. We'll have to get about a quarter of a mile more to windward, and then we can head through the first reach. It'll take about three short tacks to get through, and you mustn't miss stays, either!"

"By that time them men-o'-war will be abreast of us, and ready to ease off sheets, and come down on us while we're hugging the wind to keep off a lee shore."

"Hardly—hardly!" said Elijah, coolly. "In less than two hours we'll be off Ocrakok inlet, and if they'll only try to follow us in there, I'll give 'em all my old clothes. It's the worst bar from Labrador to Mexico—they'd pile their bones there before they could spell apple-sarce."

"Look out that you don't pile our bones there."

"Never you fear, Cap'n Seth; I didn't go a turpentine huntin' for nothin'—my mem'ry-box hasn't got any holes in it yet, and I can run her in jist as easy as swallerin' pork and 'lasses. Ready about—we must go in stays, sir."

"Ready—ready!" cried Seth. In an instant all hands were at their stations.

"Hard a lee!" shouted Elijah.

"Rise the jib sheet—flatten in the main," cried Seth.

The brig answered her helm beautifully, and in a few minutes was dashing ahead on the other tack. It was, however, as Elijah had said it would be, a short one, and soon they were heading, as it seemed, right in for breakers, that roared as loud as the cannonry of an action, while they tossed their snowy drifts high and far on every hand. But steered as Elijah directed, the vessel soon entered a channel not more than four or five hundred yards wide, along which she sped, while Seth and his crew looked in fearful wonder upon the walls of foam on either side. Yet there was no danger—the casting of the lead marked four fathoms beneath her keel. Soon she had to be hove about again, for she had sagged close down upon the surf to leeward. This was done until, at last after her fourth tack, she headed for clear water to the south of the shoals, and soon was past all danger, so far as they were concerned.

But now, as Seth had feared, the English vessel of war, crowding all the sail they dared, were seen only about seven or eight miles distant bearing down to cut her off.

"You may clap the foresail on her if she'll stand it, Cap'n Seth," said the mate, coolly, as he glanced at the man-of-war.

"She *must* stand it," said Seth, nervously, as he gave orders to loose and set the sail.

"Give her a clear full and let her slide," said Elijah to the helmsman, then, turning to Seth, he added—"Don't get into a conniption fit, cap'n—if our spars stand, we're as safe as a preacher at a thanksgivin' dinner—they can't overhaul us before we make Ocrakok, noway."

With more sail and a good full the gallant little brig's speed increased, and she seemed to fairly fly through the water. But the British vessels, carrying a terrible press of canvas, and running off about three or four points free, were gaining on them in spite of the speed of the Thunderbolt. Their commanders were evidently determined to avenge the loss of the frigate.

Thus matters went for nearly two hours, when the nearest of the enemy had approached to within less than three miles, and was in easy range of the gun which had been already used with such dread effect on her consort.

"Stand by to cast loose the long gun," cried Seth; "we may as well be ready for hard knocks, for that fellow is coming up with us hand over hand."

"I guess you'd better let that gun be, without you want it pitched overboard, Cap'n Seth," said the mate, coolly. "In just three minutes time I shall up helm, ease off sheets, and put her into the breakers on Ocrakok bar. You needn't be skeered, though, for it breaks in four or five fathoms there when the wind is to the eastward."

Before the time elapsed which he had named, Bunker was off the narrow inlet, and, with perfect calmness, he ordered the helm up and put the brig's nose right in for the land through a wild yeast of breakers. As he said, fearful as the danger appeared to be, there was water enough on the bar, and in as little time as it takes to describe it, the vessel had passed the bar and shot in behind the land, while the baffled men-of-war were obliged to haul up and give over the chase.

The water inside was as smooth as glass, and the brig ran up the bay, or sound, for three or four miles, and rounding to behind a pine-covered point, on which three or four wretched huts could be seen, came to an anchor.

CHAPTER XIII.

IMMEDIATELY after they came to anchor, the vessel was visited by two of the "natives," who were so unique in dress and appearance, that they deserve a chapter to themselves. One, by his rig, was evidently a male; the other, who paddled the canoe, while her lord stood up in the bow, seemed to be of the gender feminine, though she wore an old rimless and ragged straw hat, which appeared to have been "through the wars." Beneath this streamed a mass of elfish, uncombed red hair, around a scrawny, yellow neck, and over lean shoulders that looked as if soap would be worse than poison to them. The rest of her dress consisted of a single gown, brief in length and scant in width, of the coarse kind of stuff known as linsay woolsey. Shoes and stockings she had not, and her horny-looking feet appeared to be past the requirements of such superfluities.

The man had on a shirt and trowsers of similar material, both more "holy than righteous," as Elijah said, when he marked their tattered appearance. But his hat capped all the rest—no pun intended, dear reader. Its flapping rim was not less than a foot wide, and the front of it was pinned back to the low crown with a rusty fish-hook, to keep it from lopping down over his eyes. He was as lean and scrawny as the woman, and both of them were of a fine saffron color, though they, without doubt, considered themselves "white folks."

"Der yer want any terpertine?" drawled the man, as he and his companion gained the deck, and looked with wondering eyes and open mouths about the vessel.

"No. Have you fresh meat or vegetables, here?" asked Seth, who could hardly help laughing outright at the odd appearance of his visitors.

"No fresh meat, 'cept a 'coon or 'possum now an' then," said the man. "What *ar* vegetables?"

"Potatoes, cabbages, turnips, beets, garden sarce and sich like," said Elijah, putting in his oar.

"No, we aren't got none o' them," drawled the man.

"What *do* you raise?" asked Seth.

"Terpertine!" replied the native.

"What *do* you live on?" asked Seth.

"Terpertine!" replied the man. "Have yer got ever a chaw of tobaccy with yer?"

Elijah hauled out a couple of plugs of regular pig-tail, and handed it to him.

The man took a bite at one of the plugs, and then handed it to the woman, who eagerly bit off a chew which would have astonished the nerves even of Elijah.

"Have yer got a bit o' pork to spare? I'll pay yer in terpertine!" continued the man.

Seth ordered the cook to bring up a couple of chunks of pork, which he gave to the man, refusing to accept the reiterated proffer of pay in terpertine.

The native now hurried ashore, evidently hastened by a desire to get some of that pork into his stomach, if there *was* one in his slabby frame.

"What kind of people are they here 'Lige?" asked Seth, after the natives had paddled away.

"Jist as you see, cap'n; the dirtiest, laziest, consarndest fools that ever did live since the deluge. They're too lazy to scratch when they've got the itch. I'll bet they'll eat that pork raw, to save themselves the trouble of cooking it. They don't know what soap is, and never touch water, 'ceptin' they're dry, no more'n as if they had the hidrofoby!"

And Elijah didn't stretch the truth in his description.

CHAPTER XIV.

It is not my purpose, in this tale, to follow the whole track of the Revolution, nor to describe every battle. I will not *insult* my readers by appearing to suppose them ignorant of our national records, or of the history of that great chief whom God seemed to have left childless, that a nation might call him Father.

Therefore, the reader will please pass over, with me, the time occupied by Washington in the battle of Princeton, the successful retreat of the American army to winter-quarters in Jersey, its forward movement in the spring of 1777, the battle of Brandywine, etc., etc. Also the battle of Germantown; the fearful sufferings of that terrible winter at Valley Forge; the capture of Burgoyne by Yates, where Arnold so madly distinguished himself, fighting more for fame than his country; the glorious battle of Monmouth, where the great grand-sire of the author hereof laid down his life for his country, and a hundred other interesting incidents belonging to imperishable history, but hardly in place in a tale written to amuse, more than to instruct. Therefore, if you please, we will take a long jump over the pathway of time, and come in view again in the month of SEPTEMBER, 1780.

It was in the latter part of this month. The good widow Sabberday and Ruth were engaged with their needlework, seated in the front room of their pleasant but lonely residence,

when the sound of a horse's hoofs, clattering down the street, at full speed, fell upon their ears. The next instant the wild rider drew up at their door, and Saul, the Idiot Spy, dressed in a complete Continental uniform, with a dashing plume in his Continental hat, and a *real* sword by his side, rushed into the room.

"Why, Saul, Saul, how thee has grown. Where has thee come from, now?" asked the widow, after she and her daughter had recovered from the rough but affectionate caresses of the young man.

"Don't ask no questions, mother—no questions now; but fix up, you and Ruth, as nice as all creation, for Gin'ral Washington, and brother Simeon, and the guard, will be here in less than half an hour, and the gin'ral is agoin' to stop here all night. *I told him he might!*" cried Saul, in an important tone, and with an air that brought a smile upon the calm surface of Ruth's face.

"What! George Washington coming here?" cried the widow, in surprise.

"Yes, mother. He and me have been over to Hartford to see the Count Rochamby, a frog-eatin' Frenchman that ain't a pinch o' snuff to Washington, nor half a primin' to my friend, Gin'ral Lafayette."

"Ruth, daughter, if this is so, we must stir around and make preparation for George and thy brother."

"Yes, do, mother; cook up a whole lot o' doughnuts, and ginger cakes, and pum'kin pies. We never git nothin' o' that sort in the army. Make all ready, while I ride over to the widow Hale's and pay her for Nathan's horse. I've got lots of money now, and I wouldn't part with that horse, noway. I've been in fifty fights with him, and he loves me, and I love him."

Before she could reply, Saul was out and in the saddle again, dashing at full speed toward the house of the widow, much to the danger of pedestrians, and to the wonder of the staid citizens of the town.

Within less than the time that Saul had mentioned, Washington, accompanied by a small detachment of his "Life Guard," under the command of Captain Sabberday, for Simeon had earned and received his promotion for a daring deed performed at Monmouth under the eye of his brave leader, rode into the town of New London.

Directing his men, with the exception of his orderly, to quarter at a tavern, the general rode with Simeon directly to the house of Mrs. Sabberday. He was received by the latter, whose dress, as well as that of Ruth, was plain but elegant in its rich material and very simplicity, at the door of the mansion.

"Mother, this is General Washington, the Commander-in-Chief of the American army," said Simeon proudly, as they advanced.

"I am glad to see thee, friend George, and thou art most welcome; for, though a man of war, thou art God-fearing and merciful," said the widow, extending her hand, which the general grasped as kindly and as warmly as it was tendered.

"To have the good opinion of the excellent mother of such brave sons, is a great pleasure to me," replied the affable chief as he followed his hostess into her parlor.

When Saul returned, twenty minutes afterward, he found the general as much at home, and conversing as freely with his mother, as if he had known her from his boyhood.

"Darned the cent would widow Hale take for Nathan's horse," said Saul, as he entered.

"She cried, and said the horse belonged to me and my country!"

"She is a noble woman. I must go and see her before I leave, for I esteemed her brave son, highly, and sincerely mourned his loss," said Washington.

"When must you leave, friend George?" asked Mrs. Sabberday.

"Early on the morrow, madam," replied the chief. "I must hasten to West Point, and then turn to the south once more!"

"Benedict Arnold, once of this place, commands there, does he not?" continued the old lady.

"He does," replied Washington.

"Ben'dic' Arnold *shouldn't*, if I was gin'ral," said Saul, earnestly.

"Why should thee speak so, Saul? Did he not fight well in Canada, and when that vile man, Tryon, burned our villages? and was he not wounded at the taking of Burgoyne?" said the widow, reproachfully.

"I don't care a copper for all that, mother. I've known and watched Ben'dic' Arnold ever since he went to school with brother Simeon there. He was always first one side and then t'other, and went with the strongest party. He would lie and cheat just as quick as he'd swear, and that was easier to him than eatin'! He gambled when he wasn't knee-high to a tree-toad, and was always a regular devil after the gals!"

"My brother gives a true character of him as he *was*; but I hope he has, like wine, improved with *age*," said Simeon.

Washington listened gravely to these remarks, but made no reply; and, at this moment, Ruth

announced that supper was ready, and the party rose and went into the supper-room.

While Washington yet lingered over the fragrant tea and delicious repast prepared by the young Quakeress, the sound of a salute from heavy guns was heard down the bay.

"A guinea to a pound of pork that that's brother Seth!" shouted Saul, as he sprung from the table and rushed from the house.

And so it proved to be. The Thunderbolt was entering the harbor with the fifteenth valuable prize which she had taken during the war. A happy evening was that which was spent in the old mansion by the general and that truly pious and patriotic family; and many and sincere were the compliments paid by the great leader to the mother of such sons, and Saul got his full meed of praise. He had been much improved in his mind, by service and intercourse with men; and, now, any symptoms of idiocy in him were more assumed than natural.

The visit of Washington to New London created great excitement in the quiet place; but it was of brief duration, for—as he told his hostess the night before—he departed at an early hour, but not before he had called upon and spoken kind words to the Widow Hale.

CHAPTER XV.

It was two days and nights later. General Benedict Arnold was in his breakfast-room, with his beautiful wife, his aid, and Colonels Hamilton and Knox, who, having come on in advance of General Washington, from Hartford, had informed him that the Commander-in-Chief would visit West Point at an early hour on that day.

While these gentlemen were partaking of the morning meal, a courier brought a hurried dispatch from Colonel Jameson, who commanded on the lines below, informing him that a man, who called himself John Anderson, but was evidently a spy, had been taken by three militiamen, and asking what disposition should be made of him.

When Arnold read that note a ghastly paleness came over his face, and his strong frame shook with a terror that never before had unnerved him—not in the face of a thousand deaths upon the battle-field. A traitor's fear was on him!

"What is the matter, my dear husband?" asked his alarmed wife, while the surprised officers looked their astonishment.

Trying, but in vain, to master his agitation, a ready lie came to the lips of the second Judas.

"We are beggars, with the exception of my pay!" he replied. "Our mansion, with all it contains, in Philadelphia, has been destroyed by fire!"

"Is that all?" said the relieved wife. "Then let not that trouble you, for your pay will support us with economy; and, so long as we have honor left, we are not poor!"

Oh, how like barbed steel entered that word into his heart from the lips of his true and noble wife.

Arnold knew that not a moment was to be lost. If he was arrested, a traitor's shameful doom would inevitably be his.

"Gentlemen, excuse me—my appetite is gone; but continue your breakfast. If his Excellency stops here, say to him, if you please, that I have gone down to the fortress to prepare for his arrival!" said Arnold.

"Wife, one word with you in your private apartment, if you please, before I go out!"

Mrs. Arnold arose and went with him to her chamber. Closing the door, he turned, and, while the terror-sweat came out thick and cold upon his brow, he told her of his treason and his danger.

For an instant the red blood mantled both her cheeks and brow, rushing up like a tide of liquid fire as her husband's infamy was revealed. Then it ebbd away, and, cold and white as snow, with a low moan, she murmured—"False to thy God and thy country!" and fell senseless at his feet.

A groan of agony burst from his lips, for, with all his faults, he loved her, while he moaned—"It is too late—it is too late—the die is cast—henceforth, remorse and shame are mine!"

Tenderly he lifted her senseless form upon the couch—pressed one kiss upon her pale lips, dropped one burning tear upon her white cheek, and then rushed from the house. His aid's horse stood ready saddled at the door, and upon this he sprung and drove his spurs rowel-deep into his flanks. With mad recklessness he rode down the hill-side toward the river.

Only a few minutes had elapsed when the Commander-in-Chief, attended by his Guard, halted at the door of Arnold's quarters. He was told by the officers of his staff, who had just concluded their repast, that Arnold had gone down to the fortress, and so they supposed.

Thither he rode at once. But no guard was drawn up there to receive him; Arnold had not been there; the officers of the garrison had not been informed of the approach of Washington.

"Where can General Arnold be?" asked the latter, in surprise.

Before any suggestion could be offered in

reply, a horseman was seen coming over the little plain, now used as a parade ground by the cadets, at full speed. It was the Idiot Spy.

"Well, Saul, what is the matter?" asked the chief, as the former breathlessly drew up by his side.

"Gin'ral, I believe that Ben'dic' Arnold is a darned scoundrel!" cried Saul. "I met him a-ridin' as hard as he could canter down toward the river. I hollered at him, but he run his horse all the faster. So I thought I'd see what he was after and turned my horse's head same way as his. When he got to the river he jumped off his horse, got into a canoe and paddled for dear life off to one of John Bull's black-snake lookin' men-of-war that lay below!"

"God of Heaven, can Arnold be a traitor?" exclaimed the general.

At that moment a soldier, whose horse, covered with foam, betokened the speed with which he came, handed the chief a package. It was from Jameson, who had discovered that his prisoner was Major Andre, adjutant-general of the British army, and it contained the damning proof of Arnold's treason.

Instantly the chief communicated the intelligence to his officers—gave orders to double the guards, strengthen the works and send a light field-battery down the river-bank to fire on the British ship, where the wretch who would have betrayed his country had taken refuge.

Then, slowly and sadly, he rode back to Arnold's quarters and dismounted. As he entered the house, a woman, lovely even in her wild distress, with a pallid face, disheveled hair and eyes swimming in tears, threw herself at his feet. It was Arnold's unhappy wife.

"Rise, madam," said the noble chief, with gentle dignity. "The wrongs of your husband shall not be visited upon your head, for I feel convinced that you did not connive with him to sell your country!"

"As God is my judge, I did not!" she exclaimed. "If I had known it I would have restrained him from the crime, or slain myself and babe before his face!"

"I believe you would, madam," said Washington. "Grieve no more; your husband is now beyond our reach. If it is your wish, you shall be sent with a flag to New York to rejoin him."

The chief now called his staff around him and gave orders to send for Greene and other generals, preparatory to the trial of Andre as a spy.

The history of his trial is a public record; also that of his sentence and death. Historians have eulogized him; poets have lauded him; novelists have founded fictions on his brief, but bright career. His country has reared a monument to his honor among her thousand cenotaphs of heroes.

And now pardon me, if I digress from England's glory to her shame, and give my own neglectful, money-loving countrymen a "dig in the ribs" at the same time.

Look with me first at the treatment of Nathan Hale. He was simply and plainly a spy—one who risked and lost his young life, in trying to gain information to benefit his chief and country. Yet with no semblance of a trial, treated with every contumely, refused every comfort, amid jeers and insults, he was strung up on the gallows, and then without a coffin, and the ignoble rope still around his neck, buried like a dog on the very spot where he suffered.

No sympathizing hand was stretched toward him, as were many American hands toward Andre, and he had not striven to buy up traitors from the royal ranks, as had the former.

And, Americans—or you who claim to be such—tell me where is his—where is Nathan Hale's monument? Where is his grave?

Drink on your national holidays till you are blind! fill the air with your shouts, and let the sulphurous canopy of your salutations fill the air, and hide heaven's blue from your eyes; but rear no monuments in honor of the martyred brave!

Oh, shame! shame upon the false memories which forget them, and a double shame on those who would sell for lucre the last resting-place of Washington!

CHAPTER XIV.

ARNOLD, not so conscious of shame as Judas Iscariot—or perchance lacking the moral courage to go and hang himself—seemed to become doubly devilish after his fall, acting after the manner of his great prototype, who is orthodoxly supposed to hold the keys of the nether world. In truth, he only gave the reins to his true character. Washington, who as a man felt for Andre—though as a soldier and a patriot he signed his death warrant—thus spoke of Arnold in a letter about that time, which is still preserved:

"Andre," said he, "has met his fate with that fortitude, which was to be expected from an accomplished man and a gallant officer; but I am mistaken if at this time Arnold is undergoing the torments of a mental hell. He wants feeling. From some traits of his character, which have lately come to my knowledge, he seems to have been so hardened in crime—so lost to all sense of honor and shame, that, while

his faculties still enable him to continue his sordid pursuits, there will be no time for remorse."

And Hamilton, the victim of the libertine and incipient filibuster, Aaron Burr, thus wrote of him about that day:

"This man, Arnold, is in every sense despicable. In addition to the scene of knavery and prostitution during his command in Philadelphia—which the late seizure of his papers has unfolded—the history of his command at West Point is a history of little, as well as great villainies. He practiced every dirty act of speculation, and even stooped to connection with the sutlers to defraud the public."

Arnold's very first exploit—and at his own suggestion—was his desolating foray into Virginia, during which he had the effrontery and brazen impudence to address a letter to Lafayette, who then commanded a division in that quarter. But the gallant Frenchman—though he treated the British officer politely who brought it—scorned to even touch the missive penned by the black-hearted traitor. But now we come to the most damning of all his acts of infamy.

It was the sixth of September, 1781. The darkness of night was fading into the gray of dawn: but in the foggy stillness of that autumnal morn, the citizens of New London slept on, little dreaming that a merciless foe was stealing in upon them, and that one of their own village born—a thief in the night—was hurrying with fire and sword to drench their soil with blood, and to lay their homes in ashes.

The day—a day of horror it was to be—dawned, and then the hurried tramp of armed men, the galloping of fiery steeds, and the booming of cannonry from armed ships in the harbor, roused the wretched inhabitants to a sense of the fearful peril which environed them on every hand. Nearly all the men capable of bearing arms were off with the army, excepting a small garrison of one hundred and sixty men in Fort Griswold, on Groton Hill, on the west side of the harbor, under the command of the brave and unfortunate Colonel Ledyard.

And as, half-dressed, the terrified inhabitants rushed to their doors and windows, they saw a well-known form dashing to and fro upon a coal black horse, the fire of madness in his eye, and horrible curses rolling from his lips; they shuddered as they cried:

"The traitor Arnold is here!"

Soon scattering shots rung out on the still air of morning, and anon came fearful wailings and shrieks from those who could not fly beyond the wall of remorseless foes that hemmed in the devoted town—those foes headed by the basest renegade that ever Satan claimed as his own.

And, as the sun stole up from the foggy east, an immense force was seen landing west of the town; and soon the grassy side of Groton Hill was covered with men rushing toward the fort. But its brave garrison was not idle, nor stricken into palsy with terror. From its battlements they rained iron hail and leaden balls upon the advancing foe, making huge lanes in their ranks, until the green hillside was crimsoned with their blood, and strewn with bodies, still in death, or quivering in its last agonies. More than two hundred of them lay upon that slope, yet, maddened into ferocity, and like tigers robbed of their young, thirsting for revenge, on—they dashed! Col. Eyre, the leader, Major Montgomery, the second in command, were down to rise no more—all hope of success was departing from British breasts—but, suddenly, the firing begins to slack on the American side.

"Out of ammunition!" is the sad cry which passes from lip to lip within the fort.

Again the invaders rally. Ten to one against the hapless garrison, they are led on by an officer whom the British records do not even name, so dastardly was his conduct, when, at last, he entered the little fort.

The feeble garrison, worn down with their heroic exertions, and seeing themselves overwhelmed with the freshly reinforced masses of English and renegades, threw down their arms and asked for quarter.

Did they get it? Go look at the blood-stained garments yet to be seen in the historical museum at Hartford, as I have done, and in them read a silent, a bitter, an eloquent and ineffaceable reply.

"Who commands this fort?" cried the British leader, as he rushed forward at the head of his gang of murderers.

"I did, but you do now," said the heroic Ledyard, as he handed the conqueror his sword.

"Take that, you infernal Yankee rebel!" was the reply, and the next second the same weapon was buried to the hilt in his defenseless breast. Oh, shame! shame! where was thy blush? Not beneath the crimson coat of an English officer on that day.

On—raging more like beasts than men, deaf to the cry for mercy, deaf to every feeling of humanity, blind with blood, and all athirst for rapine—rush the foe; and they spare not until

they are wearied with their death-blows, and the brave garrison is no more!

Now, up from the lovely village, across the little harbor, rise the shouts of a licentious soldiery, let loose by the fiendish renegade, to the abuse of shrieking women and helpless children. And soon, up from the white houses, from mansion and from cottage, roll great black clouds of smoke, and then red tongues of flame darted toward the skies! Oh, man—man! when thou hast fallen, how devilish thou art! Yet, err I not, when I call Benedict Arnold a man?

At the first alarm, the widow Hale and her daughter Lizzie flew to the house of their best friend, Mrs. Sabberday. But woe for them—Simeon and Saul were with Washington, far away to the southward; Seth and Chester were at sea—they were four defenseless women. Yet kneeling on a floor which soon was to be a burning sheet of fire, those aged matrons bent in prayer, while their lovely daughters, who had sad cause to fear a fate far worse than death, shuddered and trembled, clasped all tearfully in each other's arms.

Suddenly, hoarse shouts are heard before their door—rough steps upon their threshold, and the room is half filled with a rude gang of half-drunken, all beastly soldiers.

"Here's a prize for us!" shouts one, as he springs forward toward Ruth, whose piercing shriek rends the air, as she shrinks behind the towering form of her brave mother, who, pale and calm, but with an eye that gleams like fire, rises from her knees, and cries:

"Back, ye sons of the Evil One, back! Shrink back, before Jehovah in his wrath smites ye in your sins!"

For an instant they quailed, but it was only for an instant.

"Down with the old ones—let's have the girls!" shouted one of the most reckless.

Again the licentious and heartless crew were advancing, when an officer, blackened with smoke, and bearing a sword reeking with human gore, stalked into the room followed by several others whose uniforms rather than their looks or conduct, told that they held commissions in the army of a nation that *professed* to be civilized.

"Ah, ha—whom have we here?" he said, with a sneer, while the lawless soldiery fell back in the presence of their general, and went in search of other prey. "Whom have we here? As I live, old Mother Hale and her pretty daughter, and Mother Sabberday, and her little rosebud. Goodly prizes, the two youngest; I shall see to their care myself!"

"Benedict Arnold, thou traitor unto God and to thy country, beware!" said the aged Quakeress, as she raised one hand toward heaven and pointed the long white fingers of the other at his smoke-begrimed face. "Beware, for if thee harms those helpless girls, thee shall suffer agony through life and the torments of hell eternally!"

"Preach on, old fool, while yet you may!" cried the heartless renegade; then turning to a person who wore the uniform of a naval officer, he said: "Captain Crabtree, you will secure those two girls and take them aboard of your swift-sailing craft; make the best of your way to Bermuda and place them in the quarters I have sent to purchase there, and have them guarded till I come!"

"Your wishes shall be obeyed, general," replied the officer, advancing.

"Never while I live!" cried the undaunted mother of Ruth, seizing a heavy oaken chair, and raising it, as if it were a feather, she whirled it around her head, and added, "if thee advances one step, I will brain thee on the spot!"

But the brave old lady was no match for those strong men—the chair was wrenched from her grasp, and Arnold with his clenched hand, struck the hapless woman down, while his minions dragged the fainting, shrieking girls away. Mrs. Hale fainted as she moaned out—"Oh, God, my daughter, too!"

When Mrs. Sabberday came to her consciousness she rose covered with the blood which flowed from mouth and nostrils—blood from Arnold's blow—and dragged the still insensible Widow Hale from amid the flames of her burning house.

Their children were gone, and there they stood, two lone and desolate widows, amid the burning embers of their once lovely village, while the ruthless spoilers sailed away from their shores with that which they held most precious, in their power.

CHAPTER XVII.

EVER memorable in true American hearts is the nineteenth day of October, 1781. On that day, Lord Cornwallis surrendered with nearly eight thousand veteran soldiers, at Yorktown, after a defense of unparalleled obstinacy. And during the long siege, in sorties and attacks, the Americans, as if punishing their enemies with kindness, made no retaliation for the dastardly butcheries at Fort Griswold and New London, but with the utmost humanity spared all who asked for quarter.

It was a proud day for us—one most humiliating to the haughty Britons, far more hu-

milating than the surrender of Burgoyne. But modestly did Washington bear his honors, giving far more credit to his French allies and his own brave officers than he took unto himself. Only one thing did he deeply regret. By a condition in the terms of his capitulation, the intention of which was not understood until too late, the infamous Arnold was allowed to escape in a cartel to New York.

It was midnight. All was still in the camp, except the tramp of the sentinels, or the guard upon its rounds, for the fatigued army slept—slept sweetly in the arms of victory. But he, who was mightiest of them all, whose long-cherished hope of securing an honorable peace for his country, seemed about to be realized, slept not.

He sat in his marquee, surrounded by his favorite officers, glancing over his maps and meditating where to strike another terrific blow to shake a tyrant's throne.

Suddenly, led in by an officer who commanded a distant picked there entered a pale, gaunt woman, whose almost skeleton frame seemed about to sink with the weight of fatigue. The dust of travel lay thick upon her form, and her wan face bore the marks of sufferings too intense to be faithfully described.

"Merciful God, it is my mother!" cried Simeon Sabberday, as he sprung forward and caught her in his arms.

"My son," she moaned, and then for a time she knew no more, for nature gave way and she fainted.

Quickly a surgeon was at hand, and restoratives were applied. And the Commander-in-Chief all full of tenderness, in word and deed, assisted.

When she recovered she looked wildly around until her eyes met the well-known face of Washington.

"Oh, save my child—my poor Ruth!" she moaned.

Washington knew not what she meant, for although he had been informed of Arnold's base and murderous expedition against New London, he knew not of minor particulars, nor did Simeon or Saul, for their whole attention and duty had been claimed in the severe services of that eventful campaign. But a thrill of horror went to every heart, when Mrs. Sabberday, strengthened by the restoratives, told how her daughter had been torn from her side, herself stricken down by the miscreant's hand, and what she dreaded was, or would be, the fate of poor Ruth and Lizzie.

Excuse a momentary digression—the chapter wouldn't be worth an old-fashioned cent without it. It was the day after the surrender of Cornwallis. The weather was clear, and the fresh wind blew cheerily from the westward. A brigantine, under a full spread of canvas, was standing to the northward from Cape Henry, evidently with the intention of cutting off a large British transport, which with her national colors flying, was standing out from the mouth of the Chesapeake.

The brigantine, which was none other than our old friend, the Thunderbolt, carried American colors. She was fully cleared for action, and her glorifying crew were exulting in the hope of making another prize, and Elijah was just relating his last dream to Captain Seth, when up went a white flag at the fore truck of the transport, and she bore away toward the brigantine, seeking to meet, rather than to avoid her.

This maneuver rather astonished Seth, but keeping his men at their quarters, ready for instant action, he bore away and soon was in hail of the Englishman. In reply to his question, the British captain announced that Lord Cornwallis had surrendered to General Washington, and that his vessel with a free pass from the American general, was a cartel to convey sundry persons set free in the capitulation, and also the news of the surrender, to New York.

"Seeing is believing," said Seth, as he ordered the Englishman to heave to that he might examine his papers.

Accompanied by Chester Parsons, Captain Seth was soon on board of the transport. One of the first persons whom his eye rested upon was Benedict Arnold. With a look of bitter contempt, he turned away from him to look at the papers of the British officer. Arnold, unabashed by his look of aversion, approached him, and addressed him by name:

"Open not your lips to me, you black-hearted traitor!" said Seth, bitterly. "Were you not protected by this pass from his Excellency, George Washington, which guarantees the safety of all on board this vessel, I would take you on board of my brig and swing you by the neck from her yard arm—then I'd cut it off and cast it in the sea for having been contaminated by your touch!"

"Prate on, boy, prate on? You'll sing a different tune when you reach New London!" said the renegade with a sneer.

"What of New London?" asked Chester Parsons, with a quivering lip, for a fearful

boding of evil seemed to fall like ice upon his heart.

"Ask Ruth Sabberday!" said Arnold with a coarse laugh, as he entered the cabin.

Captain Seth now returned to his vessel and made all sail up the Chesapeake, wishing to see his brother Simeon and Saul, and to communicate with Washington. Had he or Chester Parsons known all, Benedict Arnold then and there would have reaped the reward of his iniquity. But it was not so to be.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN poor Ruth and Lizzie recovered from the almost deathly swoon which had deprived them of consciousness, when they were dragged from their mothers—they found themselves in the after cabin of a British armed transport, far out at sea. Captain Crabtree had faithfully performed the orders of Arnold so far, and his vessel under a heavy press of sail was heading away for the Bermuda Isles.

"Oh, mercy, Ruth! what shall we do?—what shall we do?" moaned Lizzie Hale, as with tears and sobs she threw her fair arms around the neck of her companion in distress.

"Put our trust in God, Lizzie! He will not desert the helpless, who are pure in heart, and whose prayers go up to HIM in the hour of trial!" responded Ruth who, though pale as drifting snow, was yet calm.

"Rather than be what that bold, bad, traitorous man would make me, I will cast myself into the sea!" sobbed Lizzie.

"Thou hast no right to take thy life, Lizzie," said the young Quakeress; "but if thee puts thy trust in the All Powerful, fear not that the wicked man shall triumph! I know that we are in the power of bad men now, but yet my heart shrinks not, nor is my soul afraid."

"Oh, that I had your bravery, Ruth; but I have suffered so much in the loss of my only brother, that I am all unnerved, and a very child now."

A step was heard, advancing from the outer cabin, and the next moment Captain Crabtree entered.

His name was rather indicative of his appearance—perhaps of his character. He was a short, rough, knotty-looking customer, whose face, bronzed by rum and hard weather, was thickly pitted with marks of the small-pox. A red pimple, of the *genus pug*, occupied the place of a nose, and its bridge, if ever it had possessed one, had been carried away by a saber-cut, leaving a red ravine or scar through which his cross-eyes of gray could look at each other and exchange compliments. His general appearance was repulsive, and he did not add to it by either the cleanliness or quality of his apparel.

"Young women," said he, "it's nigh our grub time, or, as you say ashore, near supper time. I have orders to see to your comfort as far as I can, and keep you safe till the general gets time to look after you himself. Will you have supper here, or eat with me and my mates in the cabin?"

"If we are to be detained in thy vessel, and must perforce eat or perish, let the food be brought hither. In our distress, we court solitude, and do not wish to see either thee or thy mates," said Ruth, with calm dignity.

The face of Crabtree darkened.

"Some women don't know what good company is, and get set up tauter than a Jamaky nigger in uniform," he muttered, as he turned on the broad pivot of his immense feet, and left the cabin.

"How dare you speak so boldly to this man? It made me tremble to look at him," said Lizzie.

"The innocent should never tremble before the ungodly," said Ruth. "But rather should they be bold, and the ungodly will fear to wrong them."

A cabin boy, a trifle blacker than ebony, and shining like a newly blacked boot, now entered with a tray full of eatables, such as was more suited to the taste and appetites of rough men than delicate women, but strong tea was not forgotten, and of this and the hard sea-biscuit, Ruth began to partake.

"Thee must eat, Lizzie," said she to her companion, who drew back from the untempting meal. "It is thy duty to do it, so as to keep thy strength, for I tell thee, that the moment an opportunity offers, I shall strive to escape from this unjust restraint, and I will not go without thee."

Thus urged, and perchance encouraged by the hope which her brave friend aroused in her breast, Lizzie ate all that she could.

"What a horrible, ugly wretch that captain is," said Lizzie, after they had finished their meal.

"He is not comely to look upon, but he looks well enough to be the slave of so base a master," replied Ruth. "Benedict Arnold is not quite such a beast in face and form; but I'll warrant that he is more rotten at the core."

"You ladies are very complimentary," growled Crabtree, who had been standing at the door, unobserved by them.

"Thee has learned a lesson," said Ruth tartly. "Listeners never hear any good of themselves."

"I'm thinking you'll haul in some of your canvas by and by, young woman, and not be quite so free with your tongue," said he in a rage, as he turned away and slammed the door behind him, finding it all in vain to try to get on terms of conversational intimacy with his unhappy prisoners.

In truth they were soon so afflicted with seasickness, that had they even been willing to have endured his company, they could not.

Days passed, and though they had been informed that they might take the air on deck, the two girls did not leave their cabin until the cry of "land, ho," was heard, but remained there praying for God to help them, and to sustain their afflicted mothers, who were mourning far away.

But when that cry reached their ears, Ruth said:

"Lizzie, let us go up and look at the land; and mark thee, Lizzie, note all that thy eye rests upon, for as surely as the Lord liveth, I shall attempt to escape with the first chance that offers.

To those who had never seen the richness of a tropical growth, or of a land so far to the south as Bermuda, though it is not strictly within the tropics, especially after a long sea-voyage, the sight of towering trees of broad-leaved green, and fields of flowers and vines, would be most agreeable, if they were not, like those poor girls, prisoners, reserved for a fate, perchance far, far more dreadful than death itself.

The vessel sailed on, and soon Ruth and Lizzie saw a small, scattered town of white-washed houses rising from amid the field of green and gold and crimson before them. In front of it was a small harbor, in which only a few small fishing boats lay at anchor, or moored alongside of one or two small piers of stone that jutted from the shore.

The harbor was not entirely land-locked, but a natural breakwater, or reef of coral, stretched nearly across its mouth. As the transport began to have sail taken in, and entered the channel which led through the reef to the harbor, Crabtree approached the girls who stood near the taffrail, and said as he pointed to the largest house in view, one which was fronted by a broad esplanade, and which was surrounded by a garden that extended down to the water's edge.

"There, young women, is General Arnold's house. He bought it to live in, I'm thinking, after the rebels have been thrashed into submission."

"Then it will be some time before he dwells there," said Ruth.

"Is Mrs. Arnold there?" asked Lizzie, timidly.

"Thunder, no! Do you suppose he'd be such a bloody fool as to send her off to his pleasure-house to get her jealousy tacks aboard with the sight of such good-looking girls as you? She's in New York," replied Crabtree, going forward to superintend the preparation for coming to an anchor.

"Merciful heavens, what shall we do?" moaned Lizzie.

"Hist, child, don't be a baby!" said Ruth. "We shall escape—already my plan is formed. God will not desert us."

"Brave, dear Ruth, oh, that I had your nerve," sighed the fair girl as she twined her arm around the slender waist of the young Quakeress.

The vessel soon rounded to, her sails were clewed up and then as her headway ceased, the splash of her heavy anchor as it dropped from the bows, and the rattling of her chain as it ran through the hawse-hole, announced that she was at her moorings.

After the sails were furled a boat was lowered, and Crabtree, with his two captives, was landed. On the shore they were met by a lot of tan-colored Bermudans, big and little, of both sexes, who, though there was no pity in their looks, stared upon the shrinking girls as if they never had seen a lady—a white lady, at least—before.

Crabtree hurried the girls up to the house, which they found to be completely furnished, and stocked with servants, and there put them in charge of a major domo, or steward, giving strict orders that they should not be permitted to pass from the house without attendants, and then on no account to let them go beyond the grounds.

"Young women!" said he, "as long as you behave yourselves quiet, you won't be locked up, nor anything of that sort; but I shall only put sentries around the grounds to clap grapnels on you if you try to escape, which you see you can't do, for you'll find no friends here!"

"We have a friend here who is more powerful than thee and all thy host," said Ruth, firmly.

"The deuce you have," cried Crabtree, in alarm. "Who is he?"

"One whom thee will never see—Almighty God!" replied the Quakeress, scarcely able to repress a smile at his alarm.

"Oh!" said he, and he seemed to feel relieved

with the ejaculation, as he turned away and left the girls by themselves.

"You said that you had formed a plan of escape," said Lizzie to Ruth, when they were alone.

"I have," replied Ruth, "and when the right time comes I will tell thee of it. Meantime make thyself comfortable; seem easy so as to disarm suspicion, and eat all that thee can to gain strength, for the execution of my plan will require courage, strength and fortitude!"

CHAPTER XIX.

It was the evening of the day—or rather the afternoon of the day—after Mrs. Sabberday's arrival in the camp of Washington. The fatigue of her journey, made alone and almost entirely on foot—for the raid of Arnold had left her entirely penniless as well as homeless, as was the case, too, with her friends and neighbors—had so worn upon the poor old lady, that she was now dangerously ill.

Washington, with his best surgeons, and the noble-hearted Dr. Craik, his own family physician, and him who afterward attended the bedside of the expiring chief in his dying hour, was unremitting in his attentions to the good lady. Her sons, Simeon and Saul, were there, but the former was impatient to at once fit out an expedition to attempt the rescue of his sister and his betrothed.

But here was a difficulty. There were no American vessels in the river, and General Washington did not feel justified in requesting his French naval allies to go on an expedition which was not essentially for the public service. While he was pondering upon some means of acceding to the wishes of his favorite officer, a salute was heard, appearing to come from some vessel just coming up the river.

Saul sprung out the moment he heard it, but in a few minutes he returned, exhibiting signs of the most extravagant joy.

"Hooray for brother Seth," he cried. "It's the Thunderbolt!"

"If that is so," said the chief, with a look of pleasure lighting up his noble face, "your desires can be accomplished at once. You may add thirty or forty picked men to his crew, and, as I am told, they have but few men on those islands, trusting to their fleets for protection, you may succeed in rescuing the poor girls from the power of that arch fiend ere it is too late."

"A thousand thanks, my general," said Simeon, warmly, and he pressed the hand of the man of men to his lips.

"The God of the widow and the orphan bless thee," murmured the feeble invalid. "Let me but see my child in safety and my country free, and I will close my eyes and say, 'Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'"

Seth Sabberday did not wait until his sails were furled after he came to anchor, but hurried at once with Chester to the head-quarters of the victorious general.

Words can scarcely express his surprise when he found his mother there, nor the horror and indignation of himself and Chester when they heard of the destruction of their native town, and the abduction of the poor girls.

"Hurry aboard, and have the sails loosed and the cable hove short. Tell Mr. Bunker that we will sail within an hour. Send a boat ashore for a few more casks of fresh water, and I will go off in it," said Seth to his second officer, who hurried away to obey the orders.

"Any ammunition or stores that you require shall be supplied from my camp, Captain Sabberday," said Washington. "Your brother Simeon will join you with forty picked men, who, though they may be of little use in navigating your vessel, will be efficient on shore, or at close quarters as marksmen, or with the bayonet."

"You're not going to keep me and my Trumpet o' Zion from going, are you?" said Saul, who did not like the idea of being left behind.

"I think it will be best for you to stay with your mother, and I may yet have need of you," said the general, kindly.

The youth said no more. Washington was his god—his will, Saul's law.

It did not take long for Simeon to pick his men, for in a service like that, volunteers were plenty. More provisions were put on board, with the water, and within an hour the Thunderbolt, under all the canvas which she could set, was beating down the river, on her way once more to the ocean.

And woe betide the foe that crossed her bows then, for burning hearts make strong arms, and there were those on board that craft who had but little thought of mercy left within their breasts. The spirit of revenge, born of the remembrance of their wrongs, was pent up there, and it only needed the presence of those who had done those wrongs, to leap madly forth and satiate even to gluttony its fell desires.

CHAPTER XX.

Day after day, and weeks, passed most drearily to the poor girls, who hoped even almost against a chance of hope, that they might be rescued from their peril. But no rescue came, though they were not yet doomed to see the

hated Arnold, for he was still too busy in the service of the king unto whom he had sold his body—his soul was engaged below!

"It looks as if a terrible storm was rising," said Lizzie, one evening, as she and Ruth were walking in the garden alone, for so quiet had been their behavior, and so resigned did they seem to their fate, that the attendants and guards seemed to relax much in their watchfulness, though Crabtree, whose vessel still lay in the harbor, visited them daily, and annoyed them by informing them that he expected the general every hour.

"I hope that the looks of the weather will not be belied by it," said Ruth. "I have only been waiting for a dark and stormy night to put in execution my plan for our escape."

"Do tell me your plan, dear Ruth. I am no longer the nervous child that I was. Your bravery and faith have strengthened me, and I am ready to dare and meet any peril with you."

"Does thee see those small fishing-sloops that are moored each night to those wharves, after the fishermen return from the shoals and reefs where they fish in the daytime?" asked Ruth.

"I do," replied Lizzie.

"Well," said the Quakeress, "I intend to steal away in the darkness from this house when the servants sleep, avoiding the sentinels, for we know where they are posted, and then seizing one of those vessels to put to sea and strive to reach the American shore, which must be to the west of us."

"What, go to sea in one of those small boats in a storm? We surely will perish."

"Had thee not rather perish in striving nobly to escape, than to become the *leman* of Benedict Arnold?" said Ruth almost sternly.

"Yes, a thousand times yes, dear Ruth," replied Lizzie. "But how will we know how to steer—how to manage the boat?"

"Thee has seen me often sailing with my brothers in New London harbor, Lizzie, yea, and alone, for that matter. As for our course, I have secured a small compass, and some provisions, and deadly weapons, too, if we are imperiled by lawless men, though the Lord forbid we should shed blood, save in defense of our honor, which is still dearer than life."

"And all this you have done without my knowledge?"

"Yes, for while thee was so hysterical and nervous, I dared not trust thee. But thou wert right about the weather, Lizzie; a storm is surely rising. There seems to be the smartest boat at the end of the first pier, and only one man in it—a colored man, for I have watched him and his boat often when he came in. He sleeps in her, I think, and they say colored folks sleep very sound, and we may get out of the harbor and be at sea before he wakes."

"What will we do with him then, Ruth, for he will wake, and may strive to retake his boat."

"Did I not tell thee I had deadly weapons?" replied Ruth, calmly. "I shall not scruple to use them if it be necessary, but if he will be quiet, I will pay him for his boat and put him ashore. I have the gold which Saul sent home to mother. She gave it to my charge, and it was in my pocket when we were torn from our home!"

"How singular,—I have also some of that which he sent to my poor mother!" said Lizzie, producing it.

"That is providential," said Ruth, "for gold is powerful, and we may need it!"

Darkly rose the clouds as the sun went down and though no wind yet howled through the orange groves around them, or swept over the face of the dark waters, there was a fearful promise in the aspect of the sky, that thunder, lightning and tempest would break forth in maddening turmoil before long.

The two girls ate heartily at supper-time, and then retired at an early hour, well assured that, with the prospect of such a storm before him, Crabtree would remain on board to see to the safety of his craft. In truth, he was one of those thorough sea-dogs who considered himself safer on board ship in a gale than ashore, like the sailor who in a terrific blow at sea, which had dismantled his ship, pitied the folks ashore, who had bricks and tiles flying about their heads.

It was near midnight when the girls, believing all to be asleep in the house, began to prepare for their attempt. As yet the storm had not broken, though the heavens were hung in pitchy black, and each instant it seemed as if they would open with their awful artillery.

Ruth drew from a dark corner of a closet a large basket containing wine and provisions, and also two belts in which were fastened two braces of pistols and two daggers, or dirks, of the kind used by English midshipmen. She also produced ammunition, and flint, and steel, and the precious compass.

"I wish that I had a chart of the American coast," she said, "but I could not obtain one. We must e'en do the best we can without. I know that, by steering to the westward, we

shall fall in with the American coast somewhere!"

The weapon-belts were now buckled on, and, wrapping their mantles closely around them, the brave girls left their room with steps so stealthy that no sound reached the ears of those about the house. Out into the pitchy gloom they went, taking their course by the light which glimmered at the peak of the transport, and moving with slow caution so as to avoid the sentinels who were posted between them and the wharf they sought to gain. It took them a long time to do this; but at last, by the occasional glimmer of lightning in the distant clouds, they saw that they were by the side of the vessel which they intended to board.

It took but an instant for them to get into the little sloop, which was about half decked over forward, though entirely open aft. She had two sails only, a jib and mainsail, and Ruth, casting off the fastening from the wharf, quietly pushed the boat's head toward the sea and then hoisted both sails, ready for the wind when it should come. The negro's snoring could be distinctly heard from the little berth beneath the fore-castle-deck, so that they were assured that he had not awakened to endanger their safety by giving the alarm.

At last, though it seemed a very long time before it came, the roar of the tempest was heard, and, admonished of its force by the sounds, Ruth, who had learned thoroughly the management of a boat from her brothers, lowered and close-reefed the mainsail, and then taking her station at the helm, she awaited its coming.

It came, and scanty as was their sail, the slender mast bent like a hoop-pole before its terrific strength, while the little sloop in the smooth water, for the wind was off-shore, darted forward like a hound slipped from its leash. And the clouds, which before had lowered so dark and heavy, seemed to be rent in a thousand fragments by the incessant bolts of lightning, and in hoarse bellowings, like dying giants, to thunder forth their cries of dissolution.

On past the transport, whose look-out did not seem to see her, for no hailing cry was heard, the frail boat sped on. Out over the foaming reefs she flew, and soon was in the open sea; but so heavily raged the storm that Ruth dared not at once take her course, but luffed up all she could to keep under the lee of the land, running to the southward in the smooth water, as close to the shore as she could.

So far she had not dared to light the little lantern with which she had provided herself, but as soon as an outjutting and precipitous headland concealed the light of the transport from view, the lantern was produced and lighted, and held by Lizzie so that Ruth could see her compass—for though the vivid lightning at one moment blazed over land and sea, the next instant all would be darkness, while the air seemed to quiver with the heavy thunder.

But a moment after the lantern was lighted, Lizzie uttered a cry of terror and it nearly dropped from her hand. The black and scarred face of a hideous-looking negro man was peering out from beneath the fore-castle, and with great red and white eyes he glared upon them, seeming to meditate a spring upon them, for in one hand he held a huge knife, while his other great black paw was already stretched outside of the fore-castle, as if to aid him forward. Seeing that he was discovered, he scrambled out, knife in hand, but in a second two pistols were leveled at his head, and he came to on all fours rather suddenly, as Ruth said, in a clear, calm voice:

"If thee moves another inch, thee dies!"

"Oh, Gor a'mighty—don't shoot old nigger!" said the black, shaking with terror.

"Cast that knife overboard!" said the Quakeress.

The negro hesitated, but when he saw the fair finger of the brave girl pressing on the trigger of the pistol, he sullenly obeyed.

"Can thee swim?" asked Ruth, as she marked his ferocious visage, and knew that it would not be safe to keep him on board.

"Yis, missy, all same like a black duck!"

"What did this boat cost thee?" she continued.

"No coss nigger nothin'—picked 'em up adrift!" replied the black.

"Then take this!" said Ruth, tossing him four or five pieces of gold; "and now let me see thee swim!"

The negro hesitated again, and seemed once more to meditate a forcible recovery of his boat. Ruth's voice was louder and her look darker as she said:

"Overboard with thee, or I will so disable thee that thou canst not swim!"

Her clear blue eye glanced over the leveled tube of death—he saw that he must obey or die, so casting his glance toward the dark cliffs, landward, he put the gold in his mouth, and in an instant was struggling in the water.

Day had now begun to break, and before the sloop had gone a half-mile further Ruth saw that the negro had gained the shore and was clambering up the rocky cliffs.

The brave girls now inspected the fore-castle, or at least Lizzie did, while Ruth remained at

the helm, and they were rejoiced to find several breakers or small kegs of fresh water and some coarse provision there; also cooking utensils and a large quantity of excellent fishing tackle.

"If we do not perish in the storm, we shall not starve, for a long time at least!" said she as she announced her discoveries.

"We must endure the perils of the storm—I must steer to the west and get away from the land!" said Ruth. "If we are seen the report will speedily reach our enemies and better will it be to be swallowed up by the waves than to be retaken by them!"

She now put up her helm and with her compass for a guide she boldly turned her prow out upon the heaving, foaming sea. As the boat sped out from the influence of the shore, the force of the gale was so heavy that they had to lower and secure their mainsail and scud under the jib alone.

This had been scarcely done, when an exclamation from Lizzie aroused Ruth's attention. The former pointed to a large vessel, apparently square rigged, which seemed to be standing in toward the harbor from which they had escaped.

"Arnold must be on board of that vessel!" said Lizzie.

"If he is, God is very good, for we are beyond the villain's reach!" replied Ruth, again glancing at her compass, while the sloop sped on with increased velocity before the gale.

"Yes, the vessels are saluting!" continued Lizzie, as the faint sound of distant cannonry was heard. "Of course they always salute an officer of his rank!"

On before the howling gale—on over the great foam-capped seas, now perched upon their white crests, then diving down into their shadowy valleys, flew the little boat, and soon the land was lost to view, and no sound save that of wind and wave fell upon their ears. The waves would sometimes curl in over the low stern of the boat, but Lizzie, now as calm and joyous as she before had been nervous and dispirited, bailed it out and sung cheering songs to Ruth, who, intent on the duties of navigation, kept steadily at her post.

CHAPTER XXI.

ON the dawn of the third day, after they left the Chesapeake Bay, the hearts of the officers of the Thunderbolt were gladdened by the cry of "land, ho," from the "look-out" aloft.

In a few moments Seth was at the mast-head with his spy-glass, and there he remained for a considerable length of time, giving a new course to the helmsman, and occupied in closely examining the land which they were rapidly closing in to.

When he came on deck again, he gave orders at once to clear ship for action.

"What did you see, Seth?" asked Simeon.

"The harbor that we seek, I think," replied the young captain, "with an English vessel in it! I shall hoist English colors, and run her aboard and after I've taken her, we can manage matters ashore between us, I reckon!"

"Does the place seem to be fortified?" asked Simeon.

"I saw nothing that looked like a fort, from aloft; but we can tell in less than an hour, for we'll be close in, by that time, with this breeze!" replied Seth.

He then gave orders for the men to get their breakfasts speedily, so as to be ready for work when the time came.

The brigantine ran rapidly on, and by the time that the men had finished breakfast, and got the vessel in fighting trim, she was so near the harbor that the people on shore could be plainly seen as well as those on the transport. There seemed to be an unusual stir ashore—people were moving hurriedly to and fro, or standing in groups here and there, and boats were passing to and from the transport.

On board the latter, there now appeared to be considerable stir. Her sails were suddenly loosed, and she appeared to be getting under way; but as the Thunderbolt neared the harbor with English colors at her gaff, the sails of the transport were refurled. But her crew seemed still busy, and Seth watched their occupation from the foretop with great anxiety.

"By heavens, they're clearing for action, and getting springs on their cable to lay her broadside to us!" he cried. "They must have seen us before and know us by our rake and rig! Chester, just heave one of long Tom's charges into 'em, about the bows, as the helmsman keeps away for you—double shot with chain-shot before you fire. Mr. Bunker, just put a stand of canister in our broadside guns, over the round shot. Simeon, get your small-arm men ready—they're heavy-handed aboard of that craft, and may give us trouble, if we don't keep 'em busy in taking care of themselves."

The orders were obeyed almost as rapidly as they were given. The shot of Chester evidently knocked everything endways on board of the transport, for though coming broadside to, when the shot was fired, she fell back to her old position, and lay stern on.

"Down with that hated flag and up with the Yankee bunting," shouted Seth as his craft swept into the channel which led into the harbor. "In with the to'gallantsail and main gaff topsail, down with the flying jib. Man both broadsides. Sail-trimmers, 'tend sheets and braces. Clew up that foresail!"

Under reduced sail, but with beautiful steerageway, the brig dashed on, heading so as just to clear the transport on her starboard or right hand side.

"Stand by your larboard battery and fire as your guns bear on the enemy!" shouted Seth, and then he sprung to the helm, and gave her a course himself.

In a moment more the bow gun of the Thunderbolt told that the vessels were abreast, and then the thundering reports of the other guns in rapid succession, and the return from the transport made the rocky shore reverberate o'er and o'er.

"Round in your weather braces—stand by to wear ship!" shouted Seth, putting his helm hard up.

The brig came around beautifully on her heel, and before the men in the transport could reload their guns, the starboard battery of the brigantine was bearing on them.

"Fire!" shouted Seth. With terrible concussion the whole double-shotted broadside was poured into the doomed Englishman, at pistol-shot distance, tearing huge holes in his bulwarks, and doing dreadful havoc on his deck.

"Clew up the topsail—down jib and mainsail—prepare to board!" shouted Seth again, and the next moment, by a skillful turn of the helm, he laid his brig athwart the hawse of the enemy.

In a moment Simeon and Chester, heading the boarders, sprung upon the deck of the transport. There were but few left to meet them, but Crabtree, who was about as brave as he was ugly, fought with the ferocity of a tiger, until a blow from the heavy cutlass of Chester Parson, lopped his right arm off, as clean as if a surgeon had amputated it, and then seeing that most of his crew were down or had fled below, he cried, "Enough, enough for once, and be d—d to you!"

The English flag was hauled down, and the American run up, and then Seth, seeing that the people on shore were trying to bring a couple of guns into battery on him, disentangled his vessel from the transport, anchored her head and stern so as to bring her broadside to bear, and sent a charge of grape and canister among the gunners ashore, that sent them flying in every direction. Seeing that he was not likely to be troubled more from that direction, he turned his attention to the wounded and prisoners—using them as he ever did, with the utmost humanity.

When Crabtree was brought to him, he waited until the wounds of the English officer were dressed, and he strengthened by two or three glasses of old rum before he asked a question. When he did, he asked:

"Were you at the sacking and burning of New London, by Benedict Arnold?"

"Yes!" said the wounded Crabtree, doggedly.

"Then perhaps you can inform me what became of two young ladies that were torn from their homes on that occasion, and sent to this island by Arnold?"

"Yes; I brought them here in my ship, but they escaped last night in a fishing-boat, and where they are in such a storm as blows outside now, is more than either of us can tell!"

"Beware, sir, how you deceive me. Are not those ladies on shore now in one of those houses?" said Seth, sternly.

"I'm in no mood for lying now—I've told you the truth! I was about to get under way to go in search of them, when you hove in sight, and I knew you, for you cut out a vessel from the fleet that I came over from England with, right under the noses of our convoy and ran her in through Martha's Vineyard, a year or more ago!"

"So we did; but, sir, I shall send a party ashore to inquire further, and make search."

"Do, if you please; but if you feel an interest in them young women, you'd better be looking outside before they go down. The boat they took is a frail thing—not more than two tons measurement, and all open aft—you can question the nigger that owned her. They made him jump overboard and swim ashore—he says they'd have shot him if he hadn't."

"My own brave sister—I knew she had grit!" said Seth.

"Plenty of it, if the Quaker owl is your sister!" said Crabtree, groaning as he glanced at the stump of his sword-arm. "Young man," added he to Chester, "you strike heavy!"

"So do all the foes of tyrants, when they strike in freedom's glorious cause!" replied Chester.

Seth now dispatched Simeon ashore with a large party, to make search and inquiry, and at once occupied his other men and officers in getting both vessels ready for sea again as soon as possible, for he was determined, with one vessel to scour the entire Bermuda coast, hoping that the girls might have run into some

small inlet or bay, and knowing that if they saw their country's flag on the Thunderbolt, which they knew, they would run out to her, or show signal.

With the other he intended Chester to cruise in the gulf stream between the Island and the American coast, in hopes to fall in with them, if they yet lived, and were steering to the westward.

The addition to his own crew, made by Simeon's men, enabled him to retain enough to fight his own vessel, and to put a good working crew on board of the transport.

The return of Simeon from shore, with the reports and information gathered there, satisfied Seth that Crabtree had not deceived him, and as soon as he could get the vessels ready, anchor was weighed, sail was made, and they headed out for blue water.

Yet so great had the damage been to the transport, and so much had she to be repaired in hull, spars, and rigging, that it was almost night when they cleared the reef outside. Giving Chester his orders, and appointing a rendezvous, to meet in a week's time on the American coast, the one to wait for the other till she came, Seth laid his course down the coast of the island.

The orders were, with both vessels, to show blue lights frequently during the night, send up rockets, fire a gun at least once an hour, and to keep a constant look-out in every direction. Nothing was to be left undone that could lead to the discovery of the poor girls.

Yet, when Seth got outside and found how heavily the gale blew, and how fearfully high the sea rolled, he scarcely dared to hope that a frail sloop, so small and open, and manned—excuse the *Irishism*, reader—by two weak women, could live through it. Yet he had been taught by his pious mother to trust in the goodness of God, and many a silent prayer went up from his lip to that throne which all can approach.

Had those poor girls only known when they saw that vessel steering for the harbor in the morning, that it was the Thunderbolt, how quickly would they have returned and how gladly spring to the arms of those who sought them. But it was not so to be.

CHAPTER XXII.

ON through the long day, with unabated speed, flew the little sloop, Ruth scarce for a moment leaving the helm, though once in a while she would let Lizzie take it while she rested and partook of some little refreshment. On over the great blue waves, amid the foam and the toppling surges—their mast bending as the full sail distended to the gale. Not a sail in sight, not a speck but the clouds above, on which their eye could rest—all else a boundless circle, with its verge ever receding as they advanced.

As night darkened in the wind seemed to fall a little, and Ruth managed to get a close-reefed mainsail on the boat, and, having lighted her lantern, she kept her course tolerably steady, although, with the wind nearly astern, and the compass unsteady from the constant motion of so small a vessel, which was yawing and veering all the time; it was difficult to keep her entirely steady.

On through the darkness of the night, no sleep coming to their eyelids—on for another day, and for yet another night, and the poor girls began to suffer dreadfully, not from hunger or thirst, but for want of rest, for they were all unused to such terrible toil and hardship, such long unrest, such constant vigils and ceaseless watchings. In truth, hardy must be the man who could endure them.

On for yet another day, and poor Ruth began to fear that she could not live to see the land. Her head began to grow dizzy, her strength to fail, her heart to sink. But now Lizzie's courage seemed to increase. She took the helm, and forced Ruth to lie down and sleep, after she had taken some of the wine which they had provided. Ruth slept for at least three or four hours, and awoke relieved and refreshed.

"Let me take the helm now, dear child," said she, as she rose from the blanket on which she had reclined.

"Hist!" said Lizzie. "Heard ye nothing strange?"

Ruth listened a moment, and then said:

"Yes, I surely hear the beating of surf upon the shore! It *must* be that! Yes, see there is a light as of a fire ahead of us. We must take in our sail—or the jib, at least—and lay to until the moon rises, lest we be wrecked in the surf, or cast among those who are foes, for I know not what shore we have come upon."

Ruth soon had the vessel heading seaward, and laying to, and now, with gentle force, she made Lizzie lay down, as she had done, to sleep. The wind had died away into a gentle breeze, and now she had nothing to do but keep the helm alee, and let the little boat come up or fall off as the sail filled or shook. And she gazed up in the starry sky and thought of home, of her poor mother, and of her brave and manly brothers, and wondered whether they, too, were not gazing sadly on the same stars as herself. And then anon, while the boat rocked so gently, she fell asleep and

dreamed—dreamed of her girlish days, of the merry sports on the village green, when her heart and feet were light as a bird's in the glad spring-time. And she dreamed of the young lover who had won her pure heart's first regard—again she saw his manly form, and heard his low, thrilling voice, as he vowed to love her, and her only, forevermore. And then, like a rosy cloud in a summer sky, the vision passed on, and a wild and terrible dream usurped its place. What it was, she scarcely knew; a vague terror, all undefined, filled her heart and seemed to palsy every faculty, while terrible shrieks and yells, as if hell's demons had been let loose upon the earth, filled her ears.

She woke—and the last vision was no dream—the yells and shouts rung out fearfully on the morning air, for it was day, and the sun was rising bright above the eastern horizon.

But a fearful sight met her eyes—they had escaped a terrible danger, for the boat had drifted between heavy breakers into the narrow mouth of a river—yet the worst danger was yet to come. A large band of half-naked savages were shouting and yelling on the shore, exulting over the prize which they deemed the winds and waves had brought them.

Ruth instantly awakened Lizzie, who uttered a scream of terror, as she saw the yelling band, and moaned:

"Oh, Heavenly Father, have we escaped the perils of the storm, and dangers of the sea, to meet a fate more fearful still?"

"Yield not to fear," said Ruth, who, though dreadfully terrified at first, now regained her usual serenity. "God has not deserted us yet, nor will he now! Look to thy arms, and if we must land, do not separate thyself from me for an instant!"

The boat was now slowly drifting, with the tide up the river, and Ruth lowered the sails, and dropped the anchor, so that it could not drift any further. The poor maidens now glanced around them, and examined their situation.

The river was narrow, and bordered on either side by groves of lofty, flowering trees. Bright grasses and lovely flowers grew down to the water's very edge. Gay plumaged birds flew from tree to tree, and filled the air with melody—a melody only disturbed by the yells of the uncouth creatures on the shore. Had it not been for *them* in their hideous reality, they could have almost fancied that they had come upon some fairy land.

But suddenly the yelling crowd became silent—drew back, and ceased their wild gestures. The cause was soon apparent. A person, copper-colored like themselves, but of almost gigantic height, strode, with a slow and dignified step, through the crowd, and, advancing to the beach, viewed the boat with the appearance of intense interest. He held a long spear in his hand, and at his back a bow was strung, also a quiver full of arrows. Over his form a mantle of gayly-colored feathers was cast, and above his dark brow a circlet of crimson plumes arose. Down his back his hair hung in a long and jetty mass. His features did not seem ferocious, but yet, when he beckoned, and made gestures for the girls to come on shore, they feared to do so, and stood trembling in their boat, with their arms twined about each other's slender forms, praying for a wind which would enable them once more to put to sea, and, steering northward, to find some of their own race, to whom they could speak, and who might pity their distress.

"Where can we be?" asked Lizzie.

"Somewhere on the coast of Florida, I expect," said Ruth. "Yonder flowery shore answers to the descriptions which I have read of the land, and as yet, with the exception of a few small Spanish towers, it is only inhabited by Indians. We should have steered more to the north, and we should have reached the shores of Georgia or the Carolinas."

"Do you think that these Indians speak Spanish?" asked Lizzie.

"Perhaps some of them do!" replied Ruth.

"Oh, I hope so," said Lizzie, "for I studied it to please my brother, for he spoke it well. If we can but let them know who we are, and promise large rewards, perhaps they will treat us well, and help to restore us to our friends."

"It may be so," said Ruth with a sigh, and a desponding look.

The chief, for such he evidently was by the deference and respect showed to him by the other Indians, seeing that his friendly signals did not induce the girls to go ashore, gave orders to one or two of the men about his person. They started off at full speed, upon what errand the unhappy girls knew not.

But soon—not more than a half-hour later at least—they were seen paddling down the river in a light canoe, which they had brought from above somewhere. Ruth and Lizzie breathed a silent prayer, grasped their weapons, and awaited—they knew not what.

The Indians did not steer toward the sloop, but landed at the shore where the chief was pacing to and fro. When the prow of the canoe touched the shore he thrust his spear upright into the ground, took off his bow and quiver and laid them down, then gathered a bunch of

snow-white flowers and stepping into the canoe alone he paddled off toward the boat.

"He comes unarmed, and by the tokens he brings, it would seem as a friend," said Ruth.

"God grant he does!" sighed Lizzie. "His countenance does not seem terrible."

The distance was not great, and soon the chief's canoe was by the side of their little vessel. With an air of calm dignity he stepped on board, and after regarding them intently for a moment, divided his bunch of flowers and gave an equal portion to each, at the same time saying something in a language which, though they could not understand it, seemed soft and musical.*

"Speak to him in Spanish, Lizzie—perchance he may understand thee," said Ruth.

Lizzie did so and a thrill of hope rushed through her pulses and deep into her despairing heart, when he replied in that tongue with an ease and fluency which bespoke him a master of the language.

"Where are we?" was her first question, in that sweet tongue which the Castilians say—"Es la lengua de Dios y de las Amores"—the language of God and the loves.

"In the land of the Seminoles, and I am Emathla their chief!" was the chieftain's proud reply. "Who are ye, and whence did ye come?"

"Two hapless maidens, fleeing from cruel enemies," was her answer.

"Come to the lodge of Emathla—his warriors are many and brave, and the foes of the pale-faced maidens will never dare to seek them there!" replied the chief.

"Our mothers weep for us as those who are lost to them forever. We would go back to our homes and make their hearts glad once more," said Lizzie, pleadingly.

"It is good—but you are weak and weary. The village of Emathla is not distant; he will guide this boat to the landing-place, and his women shall give the maidens food, and they shall eat and grow strong—they shall sleep, and they will be weary no more."

Lizzie told Ruth what the chief had said, and asked what she should reply. Ruth paused a moment and studied the expression of Emathla's face. It seemed noble and free from guile—yet she did not like the expression of undisguised admiration which he cast upon Lizzie, who, if possible, was more beautiful than herself.

"We will trust him and go," she said at last. "We need rest, and perchance if we place confidence in him and offer large reward for his services he will, from pride or interest, aid us to go to some civilized place, whence we can reach those whom we love."

Lizzie turned and told the chief that her sister was willing and they would go.

A light breeze was blowing up the stream, and the chief, having fastened his canoe astern of the sloop, went and raised the anchor and hoisted the sails in a manner which showed that he was not entirely unused to the management of boats of that kind.

The boat now moved gently up the river, steered by his hand, while, with shouts apparently of gladness, although they were wild and uncouth, the body of Indians on shore ran along the banks of the stream. The scenery as they advanced grew more and more beautiful. The banks were more precipitous, yet they were covered with flowers and fruits—the magnolia, the cactus in every variety, wild pinks and roses—grapes, oranges and lemons, seeming ready to drop from vine and tree in their delicious ripeness. In spite of their fatigue and the fears which their situation would naturally create in the breasts of helpless females, the maidens could not repress their looks and words of admiration, as they gazed on scenes more bright than ever they had seen before.

The keen eye of the chief noticed this, and it glittered with pleasure the while. Perchance he thought that amid such enchanting scenes the lovely girls might forget their more bleak and barren northern homes, and the loved ones mourning there.

The boat sped on and soon arrived opposite a large, level plain, upon which stood thousands of the broad-spreading, gnarled and fantastic looking live-oaks, which, with white mosses pendent from their branches, seemed to be hung with banners. All underbrush had been entirely removed, and houses built of poles entirely intertwined, and thatched with the great leaves of the palmetto, were seen on every hand. And through the avenues and paths, beaten hard by the tread of many feet, came troop upon troop of Indians, men and women, maidens and boys, and children just able to totter along by the side of their mothers, to see the pale-faced guests of their chief.

In the distance, groves of oranges, lemons, guava and limes, could be seen, and wide fields of corn, bananas, plantains, tobacco, etc., met the eye. And in the green savannas, guarded by the Indian herdsmen, droves of cattle and horses could be seen grazing.

*The author is acquainted with several Indian tongues, but with none so musical as that of the Seminoles.

One dwelling, far larger than all the rest, stood near the water-side. To it the haughty chieftain pointed and said:

"Behold the home of Emathla!" And then, spreading out his arms, as if to show their vast extent, he added: "Look upon the people and the possessions of the chief of the Seminoles!"

Soon they arrived opposite the house of Emathla and with a skillful turn of the helm, he luffed the little sloop up alongside of a little pier that had been built out from the shore, almost under the eaves of the dwelling. Then he lowered the sails, and carefully fastened the boat to the shore. His people crowded down upon the bank, as if they would examine the boat and its fair navigators more closely, but a word and a gesture from the chief caused them to fall back, and they did not approach the boat again.

With all the courtesy which might be expected from an accomplished cavalier, rather than an untutored son of the forest, Emathla now assisted Lizzie and Ruth to land, and led them within his dwelling. It had a most airy, and yet, for such a clime, where chilling blasts and wintry frosts were all unknown, a most comfortable appearance. It was divided into several apartments, and into one of these, where couches of soft mosses were covered with fawn-skins and soft furs, and blankets of gay feathers the two maidens were conducted and hither Emathla called his women to wait upon and serve them. These brought water in gourds and bathed the aching feet and limbs of their fair visitors, or guests, and then they brought them cooked meats and fish, and fruits of many kinds, and also strewed the ground with fragrant flowers, which sent up delicious odors on the balmy air.

One there was, who, though she did no work, lingered with a sad but curious air among the rest, and gazed with great eager eyes of soft and jetty black upon the pale-faced girls. She was not near so dark as the others, seemed quite young, not more than fourteen or fifteen years of age, and was very beautiful.

"Who art thou?" asked Lizzie in Spanish.

"Luliona, the daughter of Emathla," said the maiden, timidly. Then she added, and her face wore a very sad expression as she spoke—"My mother has gone up to the spirit land, where she waits for her child."

"Thy mother was not of the Seminoles?" continued Lizzie.

"No—the red-man's blood ran not in her veins—she was the daughter of the Spaniard!" replied the chieftain's daughter.

And now Lizzie wondered no more at the chief's having learned to speak the Spanish tongue so well.

But the chief now entered, and the child drew back and spoke no more.

"Let the pale-faced maidens sleep," said the chief—"Emathla will see that no danger wakes them," and pointing to a couch, he turned away and left them, dropping a screen of feathers which hid them from the other rooms as he passed out.

Wearied, and trusting to the God who had so far wonderfully protected and brought them through perils, the tired girls lay down clasped in each other's arms, and soon were in that almost death-like slumber which is the result of weariness, and strength far overtaxed.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ANOTHER day had dawned, before Ruth and Lizzie awoke, for long deprivation from rest, and great fatigue, had bound the chains of slumber strong about them. When they first opened their eyes, they were quite startled to observe the tall form of Emathla standing near them. His arms were folded across his expansive chest, and his eyes fixed intently upon them. But they felt reassured, when a gentle smile stole out on his dark face, and he said to Lizzie, "The pale-faced maidens have slept well. They will soon grow strong again!"

And then he went out and sent in his women, who again brought water and washed them, and then brought them food. But they looked in vain this morning for Luliona—she came not with the rest. Lizzie and Ruth both regretted this; for, having white blood in her veins, and speaking in a language which Lizzie could understand, she seemed to be a link between them and civilization, and they felt more safe when she was near. Why she came not, they could not learn, for none of the other women spoke other language than their own, and though they watched every look of the girls, and strove to gratify their every wish, they spoke not, but performed their labor in silence.

Again they strewed the ground with fresh flowers, which were so fragrant and so lovely, that it seemed as if it were almost a sin to have plucked them from their stems.

After the women had departed, Emathla entered, bearing flowers even more delicate and beautiful than those which they had seen before, and these he gave to them, asking, at the same time, if there was aught else which he could do to add to their comfort or happiness.

Lizzie interpreted his words to Ruth.

"Tell him," said the latter, "that though we are grateful for his kindness we would not tarry long here, for our mothers may die of grief while we linger. Tell him that if he will guide us toward the white settlement we will give him much gold, and after we have returned to our homes, we will send him rich presents, and forever after, so long as we live, will pray to the Great Spirit to bless and prosper him."

Lizzie spoke as Ruth desired.

A look of impatience gathered upon the chieftain's lofty brow, and he answered:

"Let the maidens rest and gather strength before they leave the lodge of Emathla. He is a great chief, and will shelter them until they are strong, and able to go upon their journey. And when they go, he will be their guide, for so wills the Great Spirit who sent them to his care."

"Where is the chieftain's daughter, the beautiful Luliona?" asked Lizzie, timidly.

The frown on Emathla's brow grew so dark, that Lizzie almost trembled when he replied:

"She is but a child—she hath too long a tongue, and is not fitting to keep company with those who are wiser than she. I have sent her to learn wisdom from old women, by keeping her ears and eyes open, and her mouth shut," replied Emathla.

Lizzie made no reply, for she feared to add to the shadow which already clouded his brow.

Days passed on, and yet, to each request of the girls for permission to depart, the chief made some excuse. At one time they had not gained strength to travel; at another, there were signs of an approaching storm. Yet though very attentive, his actions were respectful. He would make his warriors exercise in all their wild, martial evolutions before them, cause them to leap, wrestle, and dance various dances, to cast the spear, and shoot with their bows and arrows, to ride their untamed ponies, etc. Again he would take them out over his fertile fields, gathering for them fruits and flowers as they went. But his brow darkened whenever they spoke of leaving. Of Lulione he seemed to be particularly fond. For hours he would stand and watch her every look and action, as she conversed with Ruth, seeming utterly absorbed in thought and silent admiration of her beauty.

The poor girls, in whose hearts hope had once more lighted a flame, began again to despair, while she saw that their boat, in everything untouched, still lay at her moorings so near them. But their anxiety began to wear upon them, especially on Lizzie. Their appetites failed, though the most delicious food from river and from forest was laid before them, and luscious fruits heaped up around them. Emathla seemed to observe this with concern, yet he did not consent to their departure. They felt they were indeed neither more or less than prisoners, and as birds in a cage, even though it be gilded and they fed with hands unsparing, they pined away.

One day, after they had been several weeks within Emathla's lodge, while he was absent on a hunt, they strolled forth, as they were often wont to do, arm in arm, to commune with each other, and grieve over each other's sorrows. They had passed without the bounds of the village, and had entered a small magnolia grove, when they discovered a small lodge almost hidden in a bower of wild honeysuckles. And from this they heard faint wailing and sobs. With that natural sympathy, which seems even to dwell within the heart of women, and to open her ear to every sound of distress, they hastened to the lodge.

What was their surprise, there to discover, bound hand and foot, so that she could not leave the couch upon which she reclined, Luliona, the chieftain's lovely daughter. A look—first of pleasure, then one of terror—flitted over her face, as she said, in Spanish: "Go hence—go hence, for if my father sees you here, he will slay me, and be angry with you."

"Why does Luliona weep, and why does her father keep her here?" asked Lizzie, not heeding her warning.

"My father has bound me, for I threatened to tell the pale-faced maidens that he would never let them go, but make them his wives, as he has sworn to do. He is terrible in his anger—he struck my mother because she wished to go back to the pale-faces—and she died!"

Lizzie turned pale as the magnolia flowers above her head, when she heard those words, and translated them to Ruth.

"We must escape upon the first opportunity that offers," said Ruth, startled at the new danger thus revealed. "Ask the poor girl if she will go with us, if we take measures to fly from her father's power."

Lizzie propounded the question.

"Yes, Luliona will go, for Emathla would slay her in his rage when he found that the pale-faced maidens had fled away," was the reply.

"Then bid her keep her ears open, when the storm-spirit comes again to shake the forest-trees, and bring darkness on the earth—when the winds howl, and the rain beats, for then

will we escape this new peril, or perish in the attempt!"

Lizzie faithfully translated the language of Ruth. Luliona listened and replied:

"The words of the pale-faced maiden are words of wisdom. The wind will speak so loud that no other sounds will reach the watcher's ears—the rain will wash away the trail of those who speed away, and it will not be seen. Luliona will not sleep when the storm comes, but she will watch for her pale-faced sisters, and be ready to guide them through the forests, toward the settlements of the North. But now, go hence, for if Emathla comes he will be angry, and all is lost!"

The girls felt the truth of this, and hastened away, and returned to their lodge long before the chief returned from the hunt.

CHAPTER XXIV.

RUTH and Lizzie now agreed to appear more contented with their lot, and to ask no more for permission to depart, so as to lull, if possible, all suspicions which Emathla might entertain of their real intentions. Once more they ate heartily, and the color returned to their cheeks, and elasticity to their forms.

The pleased chieftain redoubled his efforts to gratify them. He hunted more than ever, and brought them the flesh of the young does—that of bears, and of young cattle, and wild turkeys, pigeons, doves, plover, flamingoes, ducks, and fruits of every kind. Also fish and turtle, and oysters, from the rivers and bays. No luxury that his wide range afforded, or his skill could compass, was forgotten. His women made them magnificent mantles of many-hued feathers; they worked soft and beautiful moccasins for their feet, and each day strewed carpets of fresh flowers for them to tread upon.

Right princely in his way, did Emathla conduct himself, but, like all human beings, he had an end to gain—interest was the foundation of his every act. He had their forms within his power, but he wished to win their hearts, and used such means as he thought best calculated to attain his object.

During all this time, Lizzie and Ruth were quietly and secretly preparing for their intended escape. They had preserved their arms and ammunition about their persons ever since they landed, and now, in the night-time, having opened an aperture by which one of them could creep out through the outer wall of the lodge at night and visit the boat, they managed to get together a small stock of provisions to strengthen themselves with in their flight without creating any suspicion, for the aperture was closed upon the re-entrance of the one who went out.

And they began anxiously to look, and earnestly to pray, for a stormy night to come, for Emathla, apparently encouraged by their seeming contentedness with their lot, began quite plainly to give hints of his desires and intentions. While he treated them so kindly, he treated his other women more like slaves than wives, and, at times, with a cruelty that did not make them wonder at the tale which they had heard from Luliona's lips.

At last their prayers were heard. In the daytime a terrific storm burst upon the land. The great trees bent and groaned before the terrible blast, and their gnarled branches twisted and writhed like the arms of ponderous beings endowed with life, yet suffering in agony. The solid ground seemed to shake with the concussive thunderings from above, while the ragged and rent clouds sent forth hissing lightning on the air. And as the night drew on heavy rain came down in blinding sheets, though the wind ceased not, and the tempest raged on.

The two girls, appearing to be terror-struck, although their hearts were glad within them, would not go out to look upon the storm. Emathla smiled upon their terror, and strove to cheer them, but Lizzie prayed him to go away and let them sleep, that they might not hear the wild turmoil made by the war of elements. He did so, and then, when the lateness of the hour caused them to believe that he had gone to rest, they prepared to leave. First wrapping their ammunition in many folds of cloth, so as to preserve it from the wet, and securing their arms to the same purpose, they gathered their provisions and then all was ready.

"Stay here, Lizzie, until I go and cast loose our boat. The tide is at an ebb, and the strong wind blowing from the land will drive it far out to sea, and the chief will think that we have escaped in it, and not be so apt to follow us, or to seek for us on the land."

"So do, dear Ruth; yet remember how watchful he is—the least noise may awaken him."

"Fear not, Lizzie—naught can be heard from outside in such a storm as this," replied the brave girl, as she passed through the aperture to fulfill her intention.

Soon she returned, and said—"It is done, Lizzie; now, let us hasten to the lodge of poor Luliona."

Though it was very dark, and the pattering rain fell thick and fast, they knew their way well, for they had trodden it more than once,

and had carried to the lodge of the Indian girl, by her desire, a bow and quiver of arrows, and materials for making moccasins on their road; "For," said the girl, in her figurative way, "many suns will rise and set before the pale-faced maidens see their people—and rough paths must be trodden, high hills climbed and broad streams passed. And in the day serpents may sting us, and in the night the tiger and the wolf, and the wild-cat and the bear, may come upon us as we camp."

On arriving at the lodge in which the Indian girl was confined, they found her awake, and, lighting her lantern, which she had not forgotten, Ruth hastened to cut her bonds. In a brief time they were ready and equipped for their journey, as well as they could be under the circumstances. Pointing toward the north, Luliona bade them each to take her by the hand, so that they should not be separated in the darkness and storm, and to hasten as fast as they could, for they must go far before the day broke. Then, each of them carrying a portion of their provisions, with blankets over all, and Luliona having her bow and arrows slung at her back, they went forth in the darkness.

Suddenly, even above the wild howlings of the storm a terrible yell was heard, and it was re-echoed by a hundred cries from other quarters. And blazing torches could be seen in the distance, passing to and fro swiftly.

"That was my father's whoop—your flight has been discovered. Our steps must be swift and light as that of the frightened fawn when it flies before the hound, or we are lost," said the Indian girl.

Lizzie told her what Ruth had done with the boat, which, in all likelihood, was even then scudding out to sea before the gale.

"My pale-faced sister is wise—Emathla will not find our trail, for the rain falls fast, and will wash it away," said the Indian girl, as she hurriedly led her companions off through the broad savannas and the tangled forests, which stretched away to the north, swerving not in her course, nor pausing for an instant in the rapid march.

Soon the sound of the wild yells ceased to reach their ears, and the light of the flashing torches faded in the distance.

CHAPTER XXV.

WILD was the excitement and fearful the rage of Emathla when he found that the pale-faced girls had fled. Restless alike from his passions, which like volcanic fire raged all the more intensely, that they were pent up and restrained, and from the turmoil of the storm, he rose from his couch and went to see if yet they slept or were kept awake by the terrors of the tempest. The wild, shrill, far-echoing yell which they had heard, burst from his lips when he discovered their empty couch and the unclosed aperture in the side of the lodge. Rushing out amidst his terrified women he thrust a resinous torch of pine splinters into the smoldering fire which burned in the outer, or cooking, room of the lodge. It was in a blaze in an instant, and he rushed out into the storm. The first discovery which he made was, that the boat was gone from its moorings. Yell upon yell broke from his lips, and soon answering cries from his warriors told that they had been aroused from slumber. And torches quickly flashed from lodge to lodge throughout the village, and a gathering of armed men were by his side.

His orders were quickly given. Some of his men, with himself at their head, sprung into canoes and rapidly paddled down the river, while others, torches in hand, sped swiftly along the banks.

It was not long before the canoes reached the mouth of the river, yet they saw no sign of the fugitives or the boat. It, with an ebbing tide and a furious gale from the west, had been swept out over the bar on which the breakers were madly leaping in their foaming glee, or, perchance, striking there, had been riven in a thousand fragments.

Emathla landed here, for he dared not tempt the surf which raged in fury on the bar, and causing large fires to be built he awaited the dawn of day, amid the pitiless peltings of the storm, chafing the while as he strode to and fro, like an angered lion in his den.

Day broke at last, and though the chieftain scanned the sea, even to the far horizon, with eager eyes, and caused his warriors to climb to the top of the tallest trees to look, nor far nor near could be seen sign or taken of the boat or those whom he sought.

Moodily he returned with his warriors to his village, and when his women brought him food he would not taste it. At last he bethought him of his daughter and at near the mid-day hour he went to see her.

'Twere hard to picture his anger mingled with distress, when he found that she too had fled. Bitter words broke from his lips, and he vowed that he would not rest until he had found and punished those who had dared to fly from his power and thwart his will.

"They have fled to the north along the coast," he muttered. "They will seek for pale-faced friends in the Georgia settlements, for Luliona

is their guide and she has been there. Emathla will follow them, even as the hound upon the track of game, and he will know no rest until his hand is on them!"

The chief went to his lodge and dressed his scalp-lock and bound it round with a blood-red thong. He darkened one-half of his face—blackened it to the shade of the midnight clouds. And he painted the other as red as the glare of his own camp-fire, ay, redder still, like the blood which he had shed in battle. And he gathered his choicest arms and bade his women parch corn for him, for a long march was before him, on which he would neither hunt nor pause to cook food.

When he was prepared, again his shrill yell was heard throughout the village, and quickly did his warriors gather again in answer to the well known signal.

When the warriors saw that Emathla had bound the crimson thong around his scalp-lock, a sign, as well as his painted face, that he was going on the war-path, their glad shouts rent the still air, for the storm had died away and the sun looked out upon bending bush and stricken flower once more.

Emathla picked a chosen band of about one hundred young, athletic men, those who had proved themselves hardy and brave beneath his own eye, and who wore many a record of strife in the scars upon their forms. These he ordered to prepare, as he had done, for a long and rapid march, in which no pause for hunting or cooking would be allowed. But he did not tell them whither he was bound—it was enough that he led—they would not fail to follow.

Within an hour from the time when he had summoned them, all were ready for the war-path, and giving one shrill parting yell, which was re-echoed by those who were left behind, the band in single file followed their leader, who, with rapid steps, took a course to the northward. Nor did he pause, or cast a single look behind, until, as the sun's last ray kissed its farewell to earth, he halted on a broad river's bank, and bade his warriors encamp until the light of day enabled them to arrange measures for crossing it.

Not long would they have been crossing, had not danger lurked within the waters—for every Indian swims—but it was near the sea, and hungered sharks and alligators are not foes to be despised.

Though his warriors slept, Emathla did not close his eyes; but, sleepless, stood sentinel over all. Little did he dream whose eyes were fixed upon his form as he strode to and fro, muttering aloud his angry thoughts, as he passed before his camp-fire.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AFTER the fugitive girls left the camp, they sped on as rapidly as possible through the remainder of the night—over plains, through forests, swamps and all that intervened in their course. The hooting of the owl, the howling of the wolves, and now and then the shrill cry of some startled night bird would make Lizzie and Ruth start in affright, but Luliona young as she was, seemed almost insensible to fear, and she cheered them as she hurried their steps.

When the storm ceased, they found themselves on the shore of a wide river, and upon looking to the eastward they could see the blue expanse of the ocean, stretching far away to the horizon, but not a speck upon its bosom, except the caps of foam which crested the azure waves.

Faint and weary from their long and rapid march, the girls hastened to the river to quench their thirst, but the water was salt and bitter to the taste, and they could not swallow it. Ruth produced a bottle of wine, and herself and Lizzie took a small quantity of that, but Luliona would not touch it, for she believed it to be "fire water" which she had seen in the Indian camp, and had witnessed the evil effects thereof. But she hastened to some low-limbed trees which were growing near, and detached a broad-leaved plant which looked something like the juice apple-top, and which though not a part of the tree, seemed to grow and flourish wherever it had been stuck.* It had many leaves, all spreading out like a vase at the top, and was filled with sweet and excellent water. This she brought to the maidens, to their utter astonishment, for, had they been alone, they would have perished of thirst before they would have thought of looking in the tree-tops for water.

"How wonderful are the ways of Providence!" said Ruth, as she drank of the cool and refreshing water.

"The Great Spirit is good!" said Luliona, when Lizzie told her what Ruth had said.

Ruth now proposed that they should strengthen themselves with food, which they did, and then she asked how they could cross that deep and broad river.

"When the night comes again, I will make a

* This is called by some the "wild pine," by others the "air plant," and as its open cup collects and holds all the dew and rain which falls, it generally is found containing from a pint to a quart of pure sweet water. The author has often used it.

raft and cross it," said the Indian girl. "But we must hide during the day, lest some of the hunters of my father's band should come across us, for we are not yet half a day's march from his village."

Though anxious to hasten toward the settlements, our heroines at once saw the necessity of this arrangement, and told Luliona to choose a fitting hiding-place where they might rest during the day.

The Indian girl soon found one. A huge oak, which had been uprooted in some great storm, lay near the river's bank, and its immense trunk was hollow. Into this Luliona carried some grass, and fragrant flowers, and herbs which she gathered, and spreading out such of their garments as were dry, she made a couch for them and then hung the wet garments in the sun in a small open spot surrounded by a thicket to dry.

While thus engaged, a piercing scream rose from the lips of Lizzie, and, as she flew to her aid, she saw a huge rattlesnake which had sprung from his coil, and struck the hapless girl, coiling again for another attack. She seized a stick and dispatched the venomous reptile, as Lizzie sunk fainting to the ground, moaning:

"Death—death at last, and such a death!"

"My sister will not die!" said the brave Indian girl, as she rushed into the densest part of the forest. In a few moments she returned, bringing several plants with a large bulbous root having only three serrated and pointed leaves of a dark green. These roots she hastily washed, and giving a couple to Lizzie, bade her chew them and swallow the juice. Then chewing one herself, she uncovered Lizzie's wounded limb—which was deeply discolored and already beginning to swell rapidly—and, in spite of Lizzie's efforts to prevent her, she applied her lips to the wound, and commenced sucking out the blood and poison, rinsing her mouth with water once in a while, and chewing the root which she had brought.

Within a half-hour all sign of inflammation and danger had passed away, and Lizzie was safe, while Luliona felt no inconvenience from her singular mode of surgery.*

"Angel, you have saved my life!" said Lizzie as she showered tears and kisses upon the Indian maiden, when she felt that indeed all danger was over.

"It was the will of the Great Spirit!" said Luliona. "There is no evil for which He hath not prepared a remedy!"

"True—most true!" responded the grateful girl. "But had you been absent I should have perished, for I knew no cure!"

"My sister must sleep now, for when the night comes, we must hasten on our journey!" said the Indian girl gently and she gathered in the clothes which were already dried by the hot sun, and led them to the couch which she had prepared.

Then, clasped in each other's arms, those three pure-hearted angels of humanity went calmly to sleep, and they did not wake until the sun was casting its last rosy rays upon the waters. They were about to prepare to resume their journey, as soon as twilight drew its gray veil over the face of nature, when Luliona's quick ear caught the sound of the tread of many feet.

"Hush, breathe not aloud!" she murmured. "I hear the tread of warriors!"

They drew back into the dark hollow of the log and with fear and trembling, waited for the result.

Great was their terror, when they saw that it was Emathla and his band, and it did not decrease when they saw that he would not pass the river that night, but would encamp there. So close was he to them that each word he spoke fell distinctly on their ears, and the Indians actually broke off dead limbs from the tree in which they were concealed to build their camp-fire with. But they were not discouraged though they dared not close their eyes or scarcely breathe aloud.

From the fiercely muttered threats of her father, as he strode to and fro by the camp-fire, Luliona learned what would be her fate, if he should find her, and if there was a lingering spark of love left in her breast for him, his words would have extinguished it forever. And from his mutterings she learned another thing, which was of great importance, and which determined her future course. In his ravings he spoke of the Georgia settlements to which he believed his daughter had piloted the fugitives in their boat.

Terribly long seemed that night, but at last the day dawned, and constructing rafts from the drift-wood, Emathla and his party soon crossed the river, and sped away on their march.

Then—for she had not dared even to whisper before—Luliona told her companions of the

* Perhaps the reader has heard an ancient ballad which tells of a maiden who sought thus to suck the poison from a lover, who had been bitten by a "pison serpent." She had a "holler tooth," and it killed her. It was sung to me by one most dear, and will never be forgotten, tho' 'tis long since I heard it.

words from her father's lips, which had fallen on her ear during the night, and laid her plans for the future before them. She proposed to follow the course of the river, in the thickets along its banks until near night, and then to cross it and pursue a northern course upon the upland back from the course which Emathla had taken. Thus she hoped to avoid all danger from any stragglers from his band; for often, if a warrior sickened on the march, he was left to return to the village, or recruit and join them when he could.

As soon as they had refreshed themselves with food and with water from the "air plants," they again resumed their march. But their progress was not very rapid, for Ruth and Lizzie were not used to walking far, and their course lay through a rough and tangled range of thickets. Frequently they were obliged to make wide circuits around patches of the prickly pear or thorny cactus.

When the sun was about two hours high, they came to a spring of cool water, from which they startled a flock of wild turkeys. In an instant, an arrow sped from Luliona's bow, and one of the fattest of them lay dead before them.

"We shall not starve!" said Ruth, as she noted the skill of the young huntress. "How good God has been to give us such an aid and such a guide!"

Luliona quickly dressed the turkey, tearing off the skin, as the Indians generally do, instead of picking the feathers. She then dismembered and washed it, and upon forked sticks proceeded to cook their evening meal before a small fire which she had kindled. They were much refreshed by the food and the delicious water, and it was determined to cross the river there, and to travel all the night.

The sun was just going down when the Indian girl finished her raft of driftwood, bound together by grape-vines, and embarking the girls upon it, she soon with a long pole pushed it across to the opposite shore. Guided by the stars which shone brightly above them, and their pathway through the dense wilderness, lightened here and there by the moon, which calmly sailed through the aerial space overhead, they moved on more rapidly than they had done on the first night. Only three or four times did they pause to rest, for Ruth and Lizzie, though suffering intensely from fatigue, exerted every nerve to keep on with their more hardy and experienced guide.

When the day dawned, a place was found in a dense thicket, where the "air plants" again furnished them with water, and having partaken of food they sought rest for their wearied limbs upon a bed of flowers and leaves which the Indian girl quickly prepared. Here, shaded by the thick branches overhead, they slept until nearly night, when they awoke, refreshed, and ready again to start upon their toilsome way. And now the provident care of Luliona saved them from much suffering. The brambles, and thorns, and rocks, had so cut up their thin moccasins, that their bare and tender feet would soon have been exposed, had she not had more tanned buckskin along, with which in a brief time, she made thicker and stronger ones than those they cast off, which added much to their comfort.

A perfect child of the forest, she seemed in everything to be at home there, even as much as the others would have been in a furnished house—utterly fearless, with an expedient ever ready in her mind to meet any emergency, or fill every requirement. To them, she was indeed like a guardian angel. But we must leave our wanderers for a time, hoping that they will "get out of the woods" sometime, and look elsewhere for a season.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AFTER his successes in the north, Washington's attention was earnestly turned to the situation of the Carolinas and Georgia, where the British had not only acted with atrocious cruelty, but a partisan warfare of unparalleled bitterness was being carried on between the native citizens, Whigs and Tories. Quarter was in almost every case refused. Often, in opposing ranks, brother met brother and father met son. Terrible indeed was the struggle—patriotism and poverty opposed to British steel, and the British gold which could buy traitors to freedom's holy cause.

Greene, the gallant Nathaniel, who never went home to his Quaker mother with a wound in his back, commanded in the Carolinas, where he was aided by Marion, Horry, Pickens, Lee and Sumner, and General Wayne, glorious old "Mad Anthony" of Stony Point renown, was sent to Georgia.

With the latter, by his special request, for he had "taken a liking" to the old soldier, went Saul Sabberday, in his usual capacity of scout and spy, and a valuable aid he often proved himself, for he was sagacious, cool and utterly fearless, and beneath his apparent lack of wit and sense hid a keenness of discernment that was really possessed by but few officers in the camp. Free to go when and where he pleased, well mounted and armed, his reconnoissances were very daring, frequently extending into

the very camps of the enemy, and any information which he brought could be implicitly relied on.

It was the night of June third, 1782. General Wayne, who was closely watching the enemy in Savannah, cutting off their foraging parties, etc., was encamped on Gibbon's plantation, near that city, in a position to guard with his pickets the various approaches to his town. As he always did, preferring to share the hardships of the soldiers rather than to consult his own comfort, he was in his tent, though not far distant a furnished mansion stood, which was at his service.

He was on this balmy June evening endeavoring, with Lieutenant-Colonel Posey, of Virginia, and the gallant Captain Parker of the same State, and a subordinate officer, engaged in *killing*—not fleas nor musketoes, though both were plenty—but *TIME*, which ever lays heavy on a true soldier's hands when he is not occupied. The manner in which they were trying to dispatch the king of the hour-glass and the scythe was over a friendly game of whist, enlivened by occasional appeals to a large pitcher of cold whisky-punch, which stood on a corner of their rude camp-table, and which was passed from mouth to mouth as thirst or inclination called for it, for tumblers or goblets are not *ruleable* in camp, at least in such camps as the Continentals had, nor in such as the author has served in in later years.

"Two by honors, four by cards—your deal, colonel!" said Wayne, as "a hand" was finished, and he washed it down with a hearty draught from the black pitcher.

But the colonel did not deal that hand, for the clattering of a horse's feet at full speed fell upon their ears, and a horseman reined up at the front of the tent, and, springing to the ground, hastily entered.

It was Saul Sabberday, and his appearance betokened that he had ridden hard and fast.

"Gin'ral," said he, "I know you'd rather fight than eat, so pitch away them 'keerds,' for I reckon you'll have a nice kind of a skrimmage afore you're an hour older."

"What is up—are the British coming out of Savannah?" asked the old soldier, springing to his feet, and grasping the heavy saber, which hung upon the tent-pole, and buckling it to his side.

"No, gin'ral, but there's a thunderin' big squad o' them Ingens, that the British and Tories have been braggin' about comin' just as straight for our camp as if they'd traveled the road afore. I was a-scoutin' up toward the Altamaha, when I saw the red painted heathen a-comin'. So I turned off into a thicket, and watched 'em until I counted a hundred or more, and then, seein' they were a-comin' this way, I started full split by a roundabout way, so that they shouldn't see me, and here I am, I guess, an hour or so ahead of 'em!"

"Were they well armed?" asked the gallant Posey.

"They had lots of spears, and bows, and arrows, and some guns!" replied Saul; "but you'd better be movin' your troops, or they'll be screechin' and yellin' among you afore you know it. Blast 'em, let 'em holler, they shall hear my Trumpet o' Zion, and they can't scare Nathan Hale's horse!"

"Nor his rider, either—take a pull out of the black pitcher, Saul, my brave lad!" said the general.

"No, thankee, gin'ral—the stuff that makes drunk come don't agree with me!" said Saul, who was busy repriming his pistols.

"Colonel, have the men under arms at once; we will post them under cover and take the red rascals unawares. Remember, gentlemen, that the bayonet is my favorite weapon—it won Stony Point, and I know by experience in other days that Indians can't stand it. One volley, and then let cold steel do the rest. Orderly, bring me my horse instantly. Form your men, gentlemen; I will be in the saddle in five minutes!"

"And I, in five seconds, to see how they progress, the sneakin' red thieves!" said Saul as he again mounted his horse and rode away.

"Be cautious—don't expose yourself!" cried Wayne.

But Saul was far away ere the words had left the general's lips.

The troops were soon under arms, and ranged along in the dense thickets which skirted the road and hedged the fields. Wayne and his scanty staff was mounted and drawn up in the dark shadow of a clump of trees near the head of his line, ready and impatient for the action to commence, for though a veteran in years and service, he was a boy in enthusiasm and restlessness—just the character for the kind of desultory border warfare in which he was engaged.

For full an hour they stood and sat in perfect silence. And how dread, how heavy hangs that silent space of time before a battle, when almost breathlessly you wait for an advancing foe! It is more trying to a brave man's nerves than the perils which he meets in the bloodiest strife that ensues.

Suddenly, the sound of distant yells, and scattering shots was heard—nearer and nearer

they came, then clattering hoofs rung on the air, and Saul dashed down the road to the spot where Wayne had stationed himself, and cried:

"The darned red-skins are a-comin', gin'ral—they were a-sneakin' along so cautious, that I was right among 'em e'en afore I knowed it. Jerusalem, how they yelled! They shot *some* but the bullet isn't run, that's to take me to kingdom come, yit, I guess!"

"Ready—pass the word along the lines!" said Wayne, in a low, steady voice, as the Indians' yells came nearer and nearer.

Soon the head of their line, a disorderly but heavy mass, could be seen rushing down the road which Saul had taken. The moon shone bright and clear, and the troops, from their shadowy covers, had every advantage on their side.

On came the red-men—a gigantic warrior at their head, whose loud yell was heard far above the rest, as he brandished a gun in one hand, and a glittering tomahawk in the other.

Wayne waited until the mass was fairly abreast of his men, and then gave the word to fire.

Deadly indeed was the volley which was poured in upon the astonished foe. Many of them fell, but their giant chief seemed to remain unharmed amid the terrible shower of death, for his cry still rose loud and clear above all other sounds.

"Charge!" shouted Wayne, as he drove his spurs into his horse, and dashed forward with his heavy saber.

"Charge!" yelled Saul Sabberday, and with an ear-piercing blast from his cracked bugle, he dashed on in the tracks of his gallant chief.

And it was well that he did, for the next second Wayne was rolling in the dust beneath his horse, which was shot dead under him, and a dozen savages sprung forward to dispatch him.

But Saul, with his fiery horse, and his glittering saber, was among them, and death followed every blow he struck. Postly, too, was there, and in a moment more Wayne, unhurt, had risen to his feet, and his stentorian voice rung through the air as he shouted:

"Charge home, boys—charge home!—the battle is won!"

The Indian chief, bleeding from many a wound, heard his battle-cry, and, singling him as the leader, darted toward him, casting his glittering tomahawk as he came.

It grazed the general's cheek, and the next instant, as the giant chief strove to grapple with him, his sword passed to the very hilt in his body. Without a groan, but gnashing his teeth, more in fury than in pain, he sunk to the earth.

EMATHLA was dead!

The few Indians who were left, seeing their leader fall, now only sought to escape. But American blood was up, and keenly and rapidly were they who fled pursued. Wayne remounted, and his staff, and such others as had horses, followed the red-men as they ran, not sparing one whom they overtook, for dire reports had reached them of Indian cruelties on the borders, of massacres of women and of children.

And, riding madly in the very front, was Saul Sabberday, blowing fearful blasts upon his bugle, and cutting down each frightened wretch whom he overtook.

In reading history, this attack on Wayne is attributed to the Creeks, yet some historians are apt to err, and in this case they did—*id est* if you'll believe me!

On rode Saul—on, until at last there seemed to be no red-man left to slay. He had gotten far in advance of the rest, and had reined in his horse to return. He thought, however, that he would give one more fearful blast on Zion's trumpet to scare the life out of any remaining fugitive, should there be one.

Hill and valley, plain and mountain, rung with the peal, and gave wild echoes back.

He was about to turn back, when a faint voice from a thicket close by, said:

"Saul—Saul, is that thee?"

"What the deuce was that?" said Saul, more scared than he had been in any action yet; "darned if I didn't hear a woman's voice, and it sounded like sister Ruth. Golly, if it should be her ghost!"

"Saul—Saul, it is thy sister Ruth, and no ghost!" cried the poor girl, as she recognized her brother, and sprung from the thicket, followed by Lizzie and Luliona.

But the joy of the poor girl was too great for her exhausted state—she fell ere she had passed half the space between them, and fainted.

Saul sprung from his horse, and hastened to her aid, and Lizzie and the Indian girl hurried to her side, and raised her drooping head.

Saul's canteen of water was applied to her lips, and soon a faint sigh announced that she was coming back into a state of consciousness.

Saul now recognized Lizzie, but he looked with a suspicious eye on Luliona, evidently connecting her in his mind with those whom he had so lately met in conflict.

"Who is that ere Ingen gal?" he asked.

"She has been our guide and savior," said

Lizzie. "Had it not been for her, we should have perished long since, or met a fate more terrible than death!"

"Golly, but she's purty—what an eye she's got!" said Saul, offering her water from his canteen, of which, with a gesture of thankfulness, she partook.

Ruth was now so restored as to be able to speak, but she was yet very feeble, as were, indeed, the other two girls, for they had suffered much in their rapid marches, for they had tried to reach the settlements ahead of Emathla's band, but they could not.

While Saul was studying how to get the party to the camp, the general and his staff rode up. A few words from Lizzie, served partially to explain matters, and soon the girls were mounted on the officers' horses, and, steadied by kind hands, were guided and guarded to the mansion near the camp, where every care and attention was paid to them.

"Rest to-night, brave girls!" said the gallant Wayne—"to-morrow, if you are able, we will hear of your strange adventures, and strive to arrange matters to send you north to your friends."

He then bade them a good-night, and they not forgetting to return thanks to the Great Spirit for his protective providence, retired to a needed rest at last, without the fear which had so long troubled them.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It was a couple of days before the poor, worn-out girls felt able to see General Wayne, but in the meantime, they were kindly nursed by some sympathetic patriot ladies, who had been informed of their arrival, and furnished them with suitable clothing, in place of their torn and soiled garments. The European style of dress appeared very awkward to Luliona, whose peerless limbs, and perfect form had only known the loose leggings of fringed fawn skin, the short petticoat of gay feathers, and a mantle of the same, while her tiny feet were cased in moccasins which yielded to every motion; but yet she looked, even in that dress very beautiful, the more so, that her jetty hair, great black eyes, all full of life and love, and warmth, and her dark complexion, of almost a refined olive hue, contrasted with the loveliness, so different of her two companions.

When Saul visited his sister on the third morning after her arrival, and saw Luliona in this dress, he could scarcely keep his eyes off from her. When he heard Lizzie talking to her in the dulcet language of Castile, he asked if she could not understand English. He was told that she could not.

"Jerusalem! how can I tell her?" he muttered, with a woe-begone look.

"What does thee want to tell her, Saul?" asked his sister, kindly.

"That I love her harder than a horse can kick!" cried Saul, vehemently. "And why shouldn't I? She's saved your life and Lizzie's life, and she's as purty as a dozen angels b'iled down into one!"

Ruth laughed, as she replied, "Thee'll have to get Lizzie to teach thee Spanish before thee can go to making love, brother—but I've something else for thee to do this morning!"

"What is it, sissy? I'll do anything for you, from brillin' a Britisher, down to eatin' a bull-frog with a Frenchman, as I had to, when me and Gin'ral Washington went to see Mister Count Rochamby."

"I wish thee to say to thy general that we are now so rested that we would be glad to confer with him regarding our trying to reach our friends in the North. Our mother, and the poor widow Hale, are doubtless in great distress, and when our brothers return to them from a vain search after us, their distress will be heavier still!"

"I'll tell him and he'll be here in less time than an Irishman would take to peel a tater!" said Saul, hurrying out.

Saul had previously to this told her of the visit of his mother to the camp of the victorious Washington and of the expedition of Seth and Simeon, bound for Bermuda.

It was not long before the brave old general made his appearance before our triad of heroines who received him with the respect and gratitude so much his due.

"And so you want to leave old Mad Anthony's camp, do you, young ladies? Rather rough for such tender ones, eh?" said he, in a jovial tone, as he seated his portly person in an old-fashioned chair.

"Not so rough as we have endured of late!" replied Ruth, "but we know that anxious friends and relatives are waiting to hear from us—perchance believing that we are lost!"

"True—true, my child. And I hope soon to send you on your way rejoicing, for there is a down-east captain now in camp, who has dodged the British on the coast, and brought me some powder, of which I was in great need. His little schooner is hidden in an inlet not far hence, and I think I can get him to take you north in safety. As to your going overland, without a large escort, which I have not to spare, it would be worse than sheer madness. The Carolinas are all in an uproar, Whigs and

Tories, troops on both sides, and such a cutting of throats as would sicken a butcher!"

"We will do precisely as thee directs, general!" said Ruth.

"Will the Ingen girl go with you?" asked Wayne.

"Oh, to be sure she will. Never—never will Lizzie or I desert her, who has saved us!" said Ruth earnestly. "Our home shall be her home, and our bread her bread, so long as we live!"

Saul at this moment returned, and seeing the general, stood at "attention," and gave him the military salute.

"Saul, my boy, go to my tent, and if Captain Giles, the Yankee skipper, has got through his corn-dodger and bacon breakfast, bring him here!"

Saul again saluted, turned on his heel with soldierly precision, for he saw that Luliona was looking at him, and disappeared.

Soon the Yankee skipper made his appearance. And such an appearance! A smile gathered on Ruth's grave face, and a curious look gathered on Luliona's countenance, for his rig and general *physique* were different from anything which she had yet seen among white folks.

He had evidently "*dressed to see company*," before he came ashore. On the top of a very large head he wore a bell-crowned hat with a very narrow rim. Beneath that, plastered down upon cheeks of parchment hue and texture, was a mass of long yellowish hair. His eyes were small, and between a green and a gray in color. His neck was long and thin, but a very stiff, and a very high shirt collar reaching up under his ears, braced it up and kept it perpendicular. His snuff-colored coat was exceedingly short-waisted, the waist-buttons being high up on his back but that brevity was more than atoned for by the length of its swallow-tails, which came to two sharp points, pretty well down toward the calf of his leg, if calf there was there. His pantaloons, or *trowsers*, as my friend Medad called them, were ample about the waist and hips, but grew rapidly less toward the knees, below which they scorned to descend more than three or four inches. His feet which were apparently built on the scow model, so as not to sink in muddy going, were incased in a pair of cowhide boots, which, with a fresh "lick of grease on them," looked to be at least water proof, if not bullet proof.

"Captain Giles, ladies, of the schooner Jerusha!" said the general.

"How dy'e do, gals!" said the captain, giving a short forward jerk of his head, and a backward scrape of his right foot, and taking off his hat, which he commenced smoothing over with a gay colored cotton handkerchief.

"These ladies are very anxious to get to the North," continued the general. "You will oblige me much if you can take them, and besides they will pay you well for their passage. I shall send the brother of Miss Ruth as an escort with them, and he will save you all trouble, and see to their wants!"

The captain seemed to consider a moment, and then said:

"I'd like to *obleege* you, gin'ral, though your cook don't know no more how to make Johnny-cake out o' corn-meal than a hoss does—and then the *peuter* you say they'll pay, is a consideration, but I'm kinder afeared to take 'em. You see, I allers trust to luck—my father did afore me. He used to run in the West Ingy trade—would go to sea without a compass or quadrant—carry a few dozen bunches o' shingles on deck, and have a boy to heave 'em overboard, while he guessed his way out, an' then he'd track the shingles back hum ag'in! They say that it's unlucky in war-time to have women aboard!"

"Let such old-womanish ideas go to the devil!" said Wayne, impatiently. "Name the price of your passage and say when you'll sail. If you don't, not a cent of freight money will you get from Anthony Wayne—I've said it, and 'tis as good as sworn to!"

"Waal, if I must, I must—s'pose a hundred dollars for the whole scatterin' of 'em won't be too much! Land 'em in Boston!"

"Yes, we will willingly pay that!" said Ruth, and she counted out the money in gold, at once.

"If you want anything better than pork and beans, and codfish, and taters, and Johnny-cake, cooked in real Yankee fashion, you must find yourself!" said Giles, as he pocketed the money.

"I'll see to their stores," said the general—"let them know when to be on board, and then I'll go and settle with you for your freight."

"Let's see—to-morrow is Friday—wouldn't go to sea on a Friday for all creation and Fiddler's Green to boot—I'll sail Saturday night—that's sparkin' night, gals—on the ebb tide! Git aboard any time afore then!" replied the skipper, and then with another jerk of his head, he replaced his hat and accompanied Wayne to his quarters.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Jerusha was of a build now as seldom to be seen in our waters, almost, as a Dutch galliot

or a Chinese junk. High sterned with a cabin that was half below and half above the level of the deck forward, her bluff bows seeming about to butt right down into the water before her, with very large and stumpy lowermasts, long-legged topmasts and sails blackened with smoke and mildew, and rigging that looked as if it never had been tarred—anchors and chains, eye-bolts and tackle-hooks all covered with rust—unpainted mast-heads and bulwarks, and hull which *might* have been painted when she was launched, though it was a doubtful matter—she did not give Skipper Giles very great credit either as a seaman or a person fond of the ornamental.

Yet she had a stout and stubbed look—appeared as if she could butt her way into a head sea and knock it smooth if no more, though any idea of getting speed out of her, would be as preposterous as expecting rapid legislation from members paid by the day, or justice from a New York judge and jury.

Washing of decks, scraping and slushing of masts, and blacking of rigging, seemed to be antagonistic to the religious scruples of the crew, which last consisted of one mate, one cook, one boy of all work and two men, who, being all related to Captain Giles, and messing with him in the cabin, did just about as they pleased, obeying such orders as they liked and no others. The galley, or caboose, in which the cooking is usually done on board merchant-vessels, was on the low deck, and liable to be washed away by every sea, were it not very securely lashed to ring-bolts on every side. When the weather was too heavy to cook there, a cook-stove in the front cabin was brought into use. The after-cabin was a little bit of a den with only two wide berths, one on each side, and a sofa couch laying athwartships on the transom.

The furniture was about as gaudy as the old schooner herself, and consisted only of a greasy table and a few stools. Her crockery—*Irish* again—was mostly of tin and pewter, and neither knife, plate or cup gave signs of wearing out with overscouring. Nor did the sheets or blankets, or ancient and tattered quilts in the berths, appear to have ever known soap and water, or suffered at the hands of the wash-woman.

To this vessel, on Saturday afternoon, General Wayne escorted the three females, and placed them, with Saul, in charge of Captain Giles, who, in his tarpaulin sou'-wester, pea-jacket, etc., did not look quite so ridiculous as he did in his visiting toggery.

Saul was almost inconsolable at the thought of leaving Nathan Hale's horse behind, but the general had promised to keep the horse with his own, and to permit no one but himself to ride it, and to take it north for Saul when he went, and with this Saul was obliged to be satisfied, for his orders to go were peremptory.

"Haven't you got a bull Georgy arsenal with you?" asked Giles, as he looked in wonder at the armament with which Saul had provided himself—a musket with a bayonet fixed—a short blunderbuss, capable of carrying a pound or two of buck-shot or slugs—a pair of dragoon pistols of immense size, and the elegant pair which Washington had given him. A huge saber also rattled at his side, completing his array of weapons. On his head he still wore his Continental hat with its "waving plumes," looking, indeed, quite like a soldier, for he carried himself up well, and right jauntily.

Luliona, to whom he had paid every attention that he could, and with whom he had fallen desperately in love, seemed to be quite struck with his appearance, as he strode on before them, and said to Lizzie:

"The brother of our sister is a great warrior! We need not be afraid while he lives to fight for us!"

She, though she had discarded her Indian dress, had insisted upon having her bow and arrows placed with the baggage with which the ladies had been provided, and the latter had preserved their dirks and pistols as relics of the past, more than anything else; for they did not dream that they would again have use for them.

"I've got somethin' to wake the Britishers to judgment," said Saul, as he showed Giles his Trumpet of Zion, "and somethin' to bring 'em to a sense o' feelin' if they offer to trouble us on the voyage!" he added, pointing to his weapons, in reply to the question of the skipper.

"Be all them 'ere things loaded?" asked Giles, drawing back as if he feared some of them might go off on their own hook.

"I reckon they are!" said Saul, proudly.

"Then for marcy's sake do jést go and fire 'em off afore you fetch 'em aboard the Jerusha!" exclaimed the skipper, his ashen face turning bluish with alarm.

"I know I'm a fool, but not quite such a fool as *that*, Mr. Skipper!" said Saul, firmly. "We've paid our passage, and we're goin' to carry our *wee-pons*, and be ready for squalls, if they come. If you say much, I'll go and git Nathan Hale's horse, and he shall have a cabin passage, too!"

"Let him have his own way. He will stow his arms away in the cabin, and there will be no harm done!" said Wayne.

"Wall, then, let him put 'em in the after cabin, for I've gi'n that up to the gals!" said Giles.

Saul said no more, but went on board and stowed his arms where he could get at them quickly, when he desired.

"Have you any return cargo?" asked the general, for the hatches of the schooner were closed, and he could not see.

"A ventur' of about a hundred bushel o' sweet 'taters, a few bags o' yaller corn, four hogsheds of rum, two of 'lasses, and a nation fine lot o' peanuts—they bring a fust-rate price up to Boston!" replied the skipper, perfectly at home on that question.

"Plenty of wood and water?"

"Yes—wood didn't cost us nothin', you see, so we took in a good lot!"

"You seem so afraid of arms, that I s'pose you haven't any on board?"

"Nothin' but an old musket without a lock, and the stock o' that is broke," said Giles.

"Then Saul showed his sense in providin' plenty! When do you sail?" continued the general.

"Jest as soon as the ebb tide runs—in 'bout an hour, I reckon—going to commence h'istin' sail purty soon, for it'll take the fellows all that time to get it up; for they're awful lazy down here, where it's so hot; but they'll be spryer when we get to sea, in the fresh air. Glad we hain't got no anchor to histe, for it's only to cast off from the steep bank, and we'll shute right out into the channel, as slick as grease!"

The general now went aboard with the ladies, and bestowed them as comfortably as their narrow quarters would allow. Fortunately, the good ladies on shore, anticipating the discomforts of a Yankee coaster of that era, had presented them with sheets, towels, soap, etc., as well as fruits, preserves, crackers, dried meats, and other luxuries.

But our heroines were not disposed to be querulous about their accommodations, for their thoughts only rested upon the prospect of a speedy re-union with their friends and relatives.

After much tugging and hauling, and considerable grunting and groaning, the crew hoisted the sails, assisted in person by the skipper, who, as he said, "wasn't afeard to dirty his hands a-haulin'!" and the general having gone ashore, and the tide turned, Captain Giles mounted the high quarter-deck, and took the helm and gave orders to the cook to let go the last line which bound the vessel to the shore.

Then, with creaking gaffs and booms, the Jerusha moved lazily from her berth, and while Saul blew a parting blast upon his bugle, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs to the old general, she gathered as much headway as she was capable of in smooth water, with a fresh breeze on her starboard quarter, and actually seemed to start out through the inlet at the rate of six or seven knots per hour.

The young ladies and their heroic friend, Luliona, who received from them constant marks of the most sisterly affection, remained on deck until the shades of night were drawing on, and the vessel having jibed, had hauled up on a north-easterly course along the coast.

About this time, the cook came aft, and a colloquy occurred between him and the captain, which, as a chronicler of truth, I must record.

"Cap'n," said the cook, whose greasy clothes and look, smoke-dried and fireproof, bespoke his profession, "s'pose we're to set *teu* tables—one for the passengers and t'other for us men-folks?"

"Wall, yes, seein' as the table's small and knives, and forks, and cups skeerce, reckon you had; let *them* eat fust, and we'll eat arterwards."

"We hain't got no tea, only bean coffee."

"They hev though. You just ask that soger brother o' theirs, and he'll git it. For my part, I like bean coffee the best. You jist ax the young man for any extras they want. I'm only bound to give 'em sich as we have."

This matter was settled without the ladies hearing it, for, as the cook came aft, they entered the cabin.

An hour afterward, a very tolerable supper, for it was eked out with their own stores, and superintended by Saul, was laid on the first table, and discussed by the "passengers."

After they were through, the captain gave up the helm to the cook, who had already taken care of *number one* in the caboose, and went below, with the rest of the crew to take his supper.

Though he liked bean coffee the best, he very soon found that some of the tea which had been made for the ladies was left, and while it lasted he did not trouble the bean coffee at all.

The reader will now, I hope, have gained a pretty full insight into the character of Captain Giles and run of things aboard the Jerusha, and leaving our friends with wishes for a good night's rest and a safe voyage, we will take a cruise elsewhere.

CHAPTER XXX.

CLOSELY did Seth Sabberday examine every nook, and bay, and inlet, along the coast of the Bermudan Isles, in hopes of meeting some sign of the fugitive girls. But in vain; the look-outs from aloft and on deck gave out no cheering cry.

After having done this, he sailed over toward the Florida coast, and closely ran along its shores. But this was while the girls were closely kept under Emathla's eye, and though the Thunderbolt might have passed very near to the river into which they drifted, neither those on board or those on shore knew of their proximity to each other.

So, although he ran well in along the shore peeping into every harbor, and even running under the very noses of the British fleet at the mouth of Savannah Bay, he found nothing to gladden his heart, not even a single foe upon which to vent his disappointment.

On arriving at Ocrakok harbor, which he had appointed for his rendezvous with young Parsons in the prize, because of its utter isolation and being unfrequented by any vessels, except some straggling coaster, he found the transport at anchor. As soon as he came to, he was boarded by Chester, whose search had been equally unavailing.

"I fear that they have gone to the bottom," sighed Seth.

"I will not believe it yet," said Chester.

"Those fishing boats are light and buoyant; Ruth understands managing a boat almost as well as I do, and the negro from whom they took the boat told me that there was plenty of water and provisions on board. He said that he had no compass, and did not know if they had. Perhaps they have steered more to the south, and made the Cuban shore or some island in the Bahama group."

"I don't believe they're lost," said Elijah, solemnly, "for I haven't dreamed of it yet."

"I will still hope," said Simeon. "I cannot believe that a good and just God will desert the innocent and the helpless."

"Let me," suggested Chester, "take my vessel, and cruise down along the Florida Reef, thence across to Cuba, and along its shores. Then I can run over and sight the Bahamas. If I do not see or hear from them, I may take a prize or two, for the ship sails well, and my crew is plenty strong enough with Simeon's guard to man her batteries."

"Yes, brother Seth, do, and let me go with him, for I feel a certainty almost, at least, a cheerful presentiment, that we shall be successful in our search," said Simeon.

Seth shook his head sadly, but at last he yielded to the urgent entreaties of his brother and Chester, and gave his consent.

"Which way will you cruise?" asked Chester.

"To the northward, in the old track to New York. I must not forget my duty to my struggling country, even though my own private sorrows lay like lead upon my heart," was the noble, but sorrowful, reply of the young patriot. "We have proved a terror to the foe, so far, and the Thunderbolt must not lose her *prestige*, or forget to send her lightnings among the minions of the tyrant king. Go on your cruise, and, successful or not, meet me in three or four weeks at New London harbor."

Promising implicit obedience to orders, and also to be prudent, and not to rashly throw his prize away, Chester, accompanied by Simeon, hastened on board the transport, and weighed anchor as quickly as possible. Soon, with all sail set, she stood out over the bar, and Seth, having put his prisoners ashore on their parole, to enjoy the hospitality of the dealers in "terpentine," prepared to continue his cruise.

As the Thunderbolt headed for the north-east after crossing the bar, her captain could just see the transport, hull down and courses dipped, to leeward.

Putting himself under easy sail for the night, for he was now in no hurry, only cruising for a prize, he headed up the gulf—sad and disheartened, as he thought of the probable fate of his sister.

CHAPTER XXXI.

DREADFULLY dull was the Jerusha in her sailing points. She had been out full a week before she reached the latitude of Hatteras, for Skipper Giles was very fond of keeping in sight of the land and instead of running out and getting the benefit of the Gulf Stream, he kept inside of it, in the eddy, or counter-current, which is always there to be found.

The girls were very weary, for the vessel was not provided with any books to amuse them with. But Lizzie and Ruth took a new idea in their heads, which very pleasantly occupied a good part of their time. It was the task of teaching Luliona to speak English. Commencing first, by teaching her to pronounce their names, and that of Saul, they then proceeded to teach her the names of the different articles of food, which they used, and such other things as met their eyes. She was very quick and apt and aided by the explanations of Lizzie in

Spanish, the daughter of Emathla made very rapid progress.

With this, Saul was immensely delighted.

"Jerusalem!" said he, one day to Ruth. "When Luly can only just hear me tell her how I feel *here*, won't I hop right up and down?"

As he had one hand on his breast and the other over his stomach when he said this, a mischievous person might have questioned where his feeling of joy would be located.

Saul, too, had his occupation for pastime. He christened himself fighting-captain of the schooner, and when they were doing nothing, which was their occupation pretty much all the time, he would drill such of the crew as he could get to muster, in the manual of arms. But as, like their skipper, they had a horror of loaded guns, he had to put them through the drill with handspikes and broom-sticks. He was so droll in his ways and so generous in his nature, that, dry-hearted as they were, they could not but like him. And General Wayne had told the skipper so many stories of his reckless bravery and daring prowess in war, that he did not dare to anger or cross him in any way.

Saul kept up regular camp rules—he always sounded the *reveille* at daybreak with his Trumpet of Zion, which instrument, though it jarred on Ruth's and Lizzie's nerves, seemed to delight Luliona, who never had heard any of our softer and gentler kinds of music.

Things progressed thus, until they were on their eleventh day out, when Captain Giles "guessed" they were about up to the Capes of the Delaware, for he "reckoned" the land looked like that about Indian river, etc.

It was a bright, clear morning, and very shortly after the "second table" had breakfasted, Ruth, who was standing on the high quarter-deck, pointed to a sail which was bearing down on them under a perfect cloud of canvas. No one else had seen it, for Skipper Giles and his crew considered that a look-out on board of a coaster was anything but orthodox, and quite as unnecessary as the fifth wheel of a coach.

The eyes of all hands were at once turned upon the strange vessel, and many and varied were the conjectures as to her character. She was square rigged, and coming from the northward, with the wind abaft her beam, while the Jerusha was crawling along with her sheets only a little eased off.

Saul, in his assumed capacity of fighting-captain, got out his war-armament, and endeavored to get his squad to go to drilling in preparation, should it indeed be an enemy who was bearing down on them. He tried to induce his sisters to get out their arms, but they would not, although Luliona would not have required much urging to have assumed her bow and arrows, if she could only have understood his wishes.

As the vessel drew near, it was plainly to be seen that she was a large frigate, but now Captain Giles went to putting on "airs," and declared that he knew her well, and that she was an American man-of-war.

On hearing this, Saul rushed into the cabin, and put on an old uniform coat which General Wayne had given him, with epaulets on the shoulders. This, with his continental plumed hat, and his sword, and belt, full of pistols, gave him a decidedly military appearance. He carefully reprimed his blunderbuss and musket, and laid them on the break of the cabin deck, to be, as he said, ready as the frigate approached, to fire a salute.

Rapidly the strange sail bore down, and when she was close aboard, her courses were clewed up, and her yards braced in, and she was thrown up in the wind right ahead of the schooner. Then, suddenly, a puff of smoke burst from a bow-gun, a thirty-two pound shot went whistling close past the schooner's cut-water, and out from her peak fluttered the broad folds of the flag of England, the cross of St. George.

"Marciful sakes—my venture's gone, the schooner's lost, she's a Britisher!" groaned Captain Giles, as he quit the helm, and ran below, leaving the schooner to come up in the wind, and lose what little headway she had.

Saul instantly endeavored to muster the crew to arms, swearing that he would never yield to a Britisher, while a plank of the schooner floated on the water. But the crew of the schooner followed the illustrious example of their skipper, and sought safety below.

Saul now forced his sister and the two other girls into the after-cabin, and fastened the door upon them, bidding them remain there while he made "terms," as he said, with the enemy. One look, a proud, heroic look from Luliona's flashing eyes made him doubly a hero, and he determined to show the Englishman what grit there was in Yankee stuff.

The frigate was now close aboard, and an officer hailed the schooner, through a trumpet, shouting:

"Douse your sails, you Yankee lubber, and heave to, or I'll send a shot into you, and sink you!"

"Send and be darned to you!" shouted Saul, in reply. "We'll give as good as you send!"

And then he blew a blast so long and loud upon his bugle, that those who heard it, might be excused, if they thought it was the trump of Gabriel rending the air.

By the drift of the frigate, and the luffing of the unsteered schooner, the two vessels were now brought into contact, the schooner's two masts being tangled in the jib-boom and bowsprit of the other.

"Board the infernal Yankee!" shouted the officer, who now stood on the top-gallant fore-castle of the frigate, looking right down on Saul.

Those words were the last he ever uttered, for Saul had brought his musket to bear upon him, and a ball from it pierced his brain, and he toppled over and fell dead upon the schooner's deck.

In an instant, the fore-castle was crowded with armed men, who began to descend the rigging of the schooner, while several shots were fired at Saul, who, however, remained untouched.

Quickly, now, he seized his blunderbuss, and, as the foremost of the enemy reached the quarter-deck, he discharged the heavy load with fearful effect among them. Then, as others pressed on, his four pistols were used with a coolness of aim, which would have done honor to any hero in the world; and for every shot a Briton fell.

He now attempted to draw his saber, but a bullet through his left shoulder, and another in his thigh, disabled him, and he fell.

A dozen cutlasses were raised above his head, when he saw an officer among his assailants, and shouted:

"I surrender, and claim quarter, as an officer in the Continental army!"

Struck with his dauntless bravery, and seeing no other man on deck, the officer's sword instantly interposed to save him, and struck back the steel which would soon have deprived him of life.

"Who are you?" cried the astonished officer, as he raised the wounded hero from the deck.

"Captain Saul Sabberday, aid to general Wayne of the Southern army!" said Saul, proudly.

"Where is the crew of this vessel?"

"Gone below, like a pack of infernal cowards!" said Saul. "For them I ask no favors—hang 'em, if you like, for shooting is too good for them!"

"But," he added, "I ask protection from you as an officer and a man, for my sister, and two other ladies, who are, like myself, passengers on this vessel, and whom I was escorting to their homes!"

"They shall not be harmed!" said the officer.

"We war not upon women. But did you alone defend your vessel? Did you alone do all that work?" and he glanced at six or seven dead men on the deck, besides the officer, while several others were desperately wounded.

"Yes, sir. I fought for terms!" said Saul, boldly.

"By heavens! you shall have terms and honorable ones!" said the officer. "I am one that can honor courage in a foe, as well as in a friend. But we must take you on board of the frigate, where you shall be treated as a prisoner of war, with every courtesy due your rank and position. The schooner shall be sent into New York, and a safe-guard shall be given to your ladies, which will protect them to their homes."

"I am contented, then," said Saul; "but I hope you will permit me to see my sister before I go on board of your vessel?"

"Certainly, sir," said the officer; and he gave orders to have the recreant crew dragged on deck, and to have the ladies conducted forward to Saul with every respect.

Pale, his knees knocking one against the other, came Giles, followed by his crew, all equally craven as he. Dropping on his knees before the officer, he whined—

"Good Mister Cap'n, don't kill me. I tried to keep that feller from shootin', but he would do it!"

"Clap those curs in double irons, and tumble them into the hold!" said the officer to some of his men, scorning even to speak to Giles; and then he bowed courteously to Ruth and her companions, as they were led forward.

"Oh, my brother—he is slain!" screamed Ruth, as she darted forward toward him, seeing the blood flowing from his wounds, which a surgeon was now occupied in stanching.

"No, lady, your brave brother is not in danger, though severely wounded!" replied the officer, kindly.

"Oh, spare his life!" moaned Ruth—"for a widowed mother's sake, spare it!"

"He is a prisoner of war; and, for his courage in your defense, deserves every honor which a generous enemy can bestow on him. For his sake, though he is detained a prisoner, you shall be set free the moment that the schooner, on board of which I shall put an officer and prize crew arrives in New York, and a free pass given to you to go to your relatives and friends. We have suffered severely at the hands of your brother but he fought for you and his country's honor."

"We thank you!" said the almost fainting girl.

"Cheer up, sister—I'll soon be exchanged!" said the undaunted Saul. "Lizzie, tell Luly, there, to look on the quarter-deck and see how I have fought for her!"

Lizzie said a few words in Spanish to the Indian girl, but she closed her own eyes in horror, as she saw the fearful sight. But Luliona looked with curious wonder upon it, and then upon Saul, and her great dark eyes flashed with admiration, as she said, in one of the few English words which she had learned—"Brave—BRAVE Saul!"

Those words, that look, was worth a thousand lives to Saul. He was a man now! No sign of idiocy was left in his face, and though faint with the loss of blood, his form seemed to dilate, and grow taller still.

"Who is the captain of the frigate?" he asked of the officer.

"He was," said the latter, pointing to the officer whom Saul had shot; "but I am now. You have promoted me."

"I'm not sorry for it, for you are brave and worthy! Your conduct shows it?" said Saul.

The ladies now were permitted to take a tender leave of Saul, and then directed to return to the cabin, where they would be treated with every respect. The prize officer was appointed, and directions given him to take the vessel into New York, to set the ladies free, but to put the crew on board the prison-ship there. This last order pleased Saul, particularly, for his contempt for Giles was unmeasured.

The body of the English captain was now hoisted on board the frigate, to be buried thence with the honors of war, but the corpses of the seamen were, as usual, pitched into the sea. Saul was carefully assisted on board, and placed in a comfortable cot in the cabin of the frigate, and every care and kindness extended toward him. The two vessels now parted company, for the frigate was on a cruise, and had no occasion to go into port until she had taken a prize worth conveying.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"We must never, never go into New York!" said Ruth to Lizzie, as the sluggish schooner crept slowly up along the Jersey shore, on the afternoon of the day when she was captured.

"Why? Are we not to be set free when we get there?" asked Lizzie.

"Does thee not know that Benedict Arnold is there?" said Ruth. "Does thee think that a man so bold and bad as he will shrink from again seizing us?"

"Surely he will not dare to do it, with the guarantee which we have of safety."

"Yea, for he fears not God, man, or the devil! Honor is not within his breast. I repeat that we must never enter that city! Better far we died upon the ocean!"

"Oh, heavens! what woe is ours! We but escape one fearful peril to be involved in another," moaned the poor girl.

"Be not a child," said Ruth, sternly; "but study with me some plan to possess ourselves of this vessel, for we are within two days' sail of home, and if no storm arises, alone I could carry her into port!"

"What can we do?" asked Lizzie, utterly disheartened.

"There are but seven Britons on board, six men and the officer," said Ruth. "They all seemed fond of liquor, for they drank eagerly of the bottle which I gave them at noontime."

"Well, what then?" asked Lizzie.

"Thee remembers the sleeping powders which those kind souls in Georgia gave us to still our nerves and make us sleep after our dreadful journey; does thee not?"

"I do," said Lizzie, quickly; "there is a package of them left."

"Yea, but there will not be when the Britons have drank another bottle of wine. Does thee understand me now?"

"I do, I do, brave, dear Ruth!" said Lizzie, kissing her again and again. "Once more hope dawns upon my soul. But, Ruth, if this should fail?"

"It will not; and, if it does, have we not our weapons? When they sleep we will bind them fast, and then the vessel is our own, and soon again we will see our dear ones in New London, if they are there."

Luliona, who could not understand these words, and was wondering what Lizzie meant by her excited actions, now addressed her in Spanish and asked an explanation.

Cautioning her to be calm, Lizzie, with Ruth's consent, revealed the plan.

"It is good," was the reply. "If the sleeping powder does no good, then Luliona have her bow and arrows. There is a death in every barbed point!"

As night drew on, Ruth prepared the supper for herself and companions, and made a present of a couple of bottles of wine to the officer and his men. These he received with a profusion of thanks, while no shadow of suspicion crossed his brow. One bottle he gave to his men, the other he reserved for himself. It is

scarcely necessary to say both were heavily drugged.

An hour or more passed on. As the sun went down the wind freshened and drew out a little more fair, and the old schooner seemed to take a new kink, and to go quite fast through the smooth water. A fair wind and plenty of it always cheers a sailor's heart, and the men of the prize crew seemed to enjoy their wine and song right merrily. And the officer, for a while hummed a merry tune, as with a lively step he strode to and fro upon the deck; but after a time the men ceased to sing, he walked no more but sat down on the break of the deck and leaned against the bulwarks.

And then the man at the helm leaned drowsily over the wheel, for his companions had not forgotten to share their wine with him, though he could not leave his post. He gradually released his hold upon the spokes and sunk in slumber on the deck, while the schooner's sails shivered in the wind as she luffed up.

Ruth sprang to the wheel and put up the helm. The schooner's bow fell to leeward, the sails filled again, and once more she was bowling on in her course.

Now came work for Lizzie and Luliona. Obeying Ruth's orders, they hurried to bind the officer and his stupefied crew so securely, that when they should be restored to consciousness, they would be unable to move hand or foot. This done, and well done, they dragged them to a sitting posture in front of the break of the quarter-deck, and there leaning one against the other, they left them to enjoy the soothing influence of

"Tired nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep."

Meantime the wind freshened visibly, and though it had so hauled from off-shore as to be fair and give them smooth water under the lee of the land, they had all the sail on the schooner which it was safe for her to drag—more indeed than Captain Giles would have dared to keep on her. On she went, pitching ahead with a rolling drift of foam under her bows, giving poor Ruth all that she could do to steer her upon anything like a steady course.

At midnight or a little after—at least it was some time before daybreak—numerous lights were seen on the weather bow and nearly ahead. Satisfied that this was the British fleet at or near Sandy Hook, Ruth caused the lights of the schooner to be put out, and then having the sheets eased off she put up her helm and kept away more to the eastward so as to avoid them. Running more free, the Jerusha bore her canvas easier and sped on with increased rapidity, seeming fairly to outdo herself.

When day came at last, not a sign of a vessel was to be seen astern, and they had run off out of sight of the land though the color of the water, a pale green instead of a deep blue, showed that they were still on soundings.

And now, as the British seamen and their officer awoke one after another, astonished and mortified beyond description at their situation, there was a picture for a painter. Ruth and Lizzie had resumed their pistols when the drugged wine began to work on the men, and Luliona had taken her quiver of arrows and her bow from their resting-place.

The wind still freshened, and as she wished to luff in toward the land. Ruth knew that sail must be taken in, and though in a small boat she could have done it alone, she scarcely knew how to manage with so large a vessel.

"We must get one or two of the men up from below, Lizzie," said she. "Take off that front hatch and call unto the captain, and bid him crawl up on the deck!"

"Surely, Ruth, you will not give that coward charge of the vessel again?"

"Not I, Lizzie, but I will make him work!" said Ruth. "Do as I bade thee."

Lizzie and Luliona now raised the hatch, and the former called upon Giles.

A deep groan came up from below in reply, and then his whining voice was heard.

"Oh, good Mr. Officer, don't murder us. We'll serve the king, or anything you like, but spare our lives!"

"Crawl up on deck here and serve the king's betters!" said Lizzie. "Come, hurry up, or I'll find means to make you."

Another hollow groan came up from the sepulchral depths below—tomb of departed swine-flesh and baked beans innumerable—and then the pallid and cadaverous face of Captain Giles was seen above the combings of the hatch and the rattling of the irons on his hands and feet was heard. Lizzie could not repress a smile as she looked upon his terror-stricken phiz.

"Come, crawl up out of that, you old snail," said she, drawing her dirk and making a motion as if she meant to tickle him under the ribs with its keen point.

"Oh, don't, gal, don't stick that sticker inter me," he groaned. "I'm a-comin' as fast as I kin."

And he crawled out on deck. Speaking to the Indian girl in Spanish, Lizzie bade her prevent any more from coming up till further orders. In an instant Luliona had an arrow fitted to her bow-string, and when the mate

raised his head to see what had become of his captain, and what was going on on deck, she was ready.

But never did a land-turtle draw its head back into its shell before the pitiless stick of some tormenting boy, than did he dodge back and squat when he saw the point of her arrow almost at his eye, and she drawing that arrow to a head upon her tough lance-wood bow. Her flashing eyes, compressed lip, and form bent forward, and resting on her left foot, told him what she meant, and he was *non est* in a little less than the flutter of a pigeon's wing.

"Why, gals, hev you got the schooner in your hands ag'in?" asked Captain Giles, as he finally arose from a horizontal to a perpendicular position, and gazed upon the row of Englishmen securely bound. "By jiminetty, may ventur's safe yet. The schooner's not lost—hooray—hooray!"

"Lower down that foresail, and keep thy tongue between thy teeth, if thee knows when thee is well off!" said Ruth, sternly.

"How kin I do it with these 'ere on?" said Giles, looking woefully at the irons on his limbs.

"Lizzie, get a hammer and see if you cannot remove them!" said Ruth. "And mark thee, Lizzie, if he hesitates to do my bidding, remember thee that thee has a pair of loaded pistols in thy belt, and thee knows how to use them!"

"Ain't I captain of my own schooner?" whined Giles.

"Thee has no schooner!" said Ruth, indignantly. "Thee wouldn't fight for it like my brave brother, and, dastard that thee is, tried to cast blame on *him*, while thee plead for thy own worthless life. Thee has no right to this schooner; it is the lawful prize of that officer there, and when I have come to land whence I can reach my home, I shall deliver up his prize and prisoners to *him*. I did not wish to land in New York, or I should not have done as I have!"

"Oh, gosh-nation! don't do that! If I lose my ventur', and the schooner, I'm ruined!" groaned Giles.

"Ruin is all that thee deserves!" said the indignant Quakeress. "Thee thinks of nothing but thyself!"

The British officer, who had before felt too much mortified to speak, was not a disinterested listener to this colloquy.

"Lady," said he, in a respectful tone, "if you will release me and one of my men, I will pledge my honor, as an English officer and a gentleman, to make no attempt to retain the vessel, but to safely navigate her to any port that you desire, and if you will indeed do as you have said to that sneaking coward there, you will save my honor, and probably my commission, and have the grateful thanks of my wife and children, who depend upon my pay for their support! Let the rest of my men remain confined as hostages—I have no weapons, and *you* have. Even should you not trust to my honor, you can shoot me down if I show a sign of treachery!"

"Thee speaks truly there!" said Ruth, who seemed to be studying his features closely, and thinking of his proposition.

"Don't listen to the creeter!" whined Giles.

"Only jest let me and my men out of these 'ere shackles, and we'll throw the Britishers overboard, and then take you right to Boston!"

A painter, skilled in the limner's undying art, should have been there to have caught the expression of Ruth's indignant, scornful face—to have given it immortality on the canvas.

"Would thee murder men who are bound and helpless?" she said, in a tone too bitterly contemptuous to be described. "Why, thee would kill a babe in its cradle; sell the honor of a sister, and steal the coins that pressed down the eyes of a dead mother. I would give thee the fate thou hast named for them, did I not believe I should cheat the hangman of his due! Lizzie, touch not his shackles, but drive him down into the hold again, and then set that officer and one of his men free!"

"Don't you, gal—don't you, for the Lord o' mercy's sake!" groaned Giles, in abject terror.

"Move! Down to your den again!" said Lizzie, and once more the point of her dirk was in close proximity to his ribs.

"I can't—I can't! Oh, my ventur'! oh, my schooner!" groaned the dastardly skipper. "Ouch! Don't—don't, it hurts!" he screamed, as Lizzie gently reminded him that her weapon had a point, by slightly prodding him in the side.

"Move, then!" said the determined girl.

Fearing another prick, Giles commenced backing toward the hatchway, and arriving, in his retrograde movement, at the combing before he expected, he tripped by the heels, and, capsizing backward, disappeared in the hold among his groaning crew.

The hatch was now put on, and then Lizzie at once unbound the officer, and a seaman whom he chose, while the Indian girl took her place, with her arrow still ready, by the side of Ruth, seeming intuitively to understand the position of affairs, and the necessity of being on guard.

"I will first take a reef in the sails!" said the

officer, "and then I will relieve you at the helm, lady!"

"Do as thee thinks best, for I trust thee!" said Ruth. "I wish to go to New London, and I think we are pretty well along on the Long Island shore now, for I am sure we passed Sandy Hook in the night!"

"Then, when I have reefed, I will luff inshore! The entrance to New London is at the upper end of the Sound, I believe?" said the officer.

"Thee is right," replied Ruth. "When thee gets there, I will show thee where thee can land us with safety to thyself, and then thee can take the prize to New York by the Sound!"

The officer now went cheerfully to work, and soon had the schooner under proper canvas, then, requesting Ruth to luff her up in the wind, so as to shake the sails, he trimmed aft the sheets, then took the helm, and luffed in for

"Long Island's sea-girt shore."

And thus we will leave the *Jerusha* for a while, and steer away south to take another "observation" in that direction.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PATIENTLY and carefully, relaxing not in vigilance, by night or by day, and favored with fresh and fair gales, Chester Parsons ran down the Florida coast and reefs in his vessel, then crossed to Cuba's fragrant shore, and examined each river, bay, and inlet, speaking every coast-er that he met; then he threaded the dreaded shoals and labyrinthine channels of the Bahamas; and in those waters took two valuable prizes, one of which he sent home. The other he unloaded, transferring her cargo to his own vessel, and then, nearly dismantling her, he put his prisoners on board, and left them to make their way to the nearest port as best they could, for he cared not to be troubled with them, nor dared he to weaken his crew more than he had done when he sent home his first prize. But unwearied as had been his search, and untiring his inquiries, nothing could he hear of those for whom, with all of a brother's and a lover's devotedness, he sought.

Even Simeon began to despair, and, as they turned their prow up the Gulf Stream, homeward bound, he said:

"Oh, Chester, how can I meet my mother, and say that Ruth is lost?—how meet poor widow Hale, now utterly childless?"

Little did he dream that even at that hour Lizzie and Ruth were far nearer to those whom he dreaded to meet than he was.

No more sad was he than Chester. The heart of that brave young man had known but two loves—Ruth and his country.

With the wind fair and strong, and flowing tacks and sheets, the transport made rapid way to the northward, and in three days from the time that he last sighted the eastern point of Abaco, Chester's latitude at noon made his position to be upon a line with Cape Hatteras.

As he hauled in, intending to sight the land to the northward of the cape, the look-out aloft announced a sail, square-rigged and close-hauled, heading to the southward.

Chester was not the man to run for a single foe, at least, if there was the slightest chance of success; and he was determined to close with the stranger and see what he was before he varied from his course, depending on the speed of his vessel for flight, if it should prove to be necessary.

With a stiff breeze, and a tolerably smooth sea, the vessels very rapidly neared each other. The one coming from the north soon told by her rig and the cut of her sails that she was English; but as her hull was entirely black—no white streak or port-holes visible—Chester took her to be some merchantman or transport like his own. But, when within half a mile, the vessel suddenly took in her light sails to trim ship for action, and triced up two tiers of ports, showing herself to be a heavy double-banked frigate, he regretted that he had not remembered Seth's last warning, and been a little more prudent.

He hastened to take in his studding-sails, so as to haul on a wind, but it was too late to fly—he had no choice but to fight, or tamely surrender without a blow. This he was in no humor to do, nor were his crew more inclined than he for the horrors of a prison-ship; so, quickly clearing ship for action, he edged away inshore, hoping to keep up a running fight, and, if possible, get his vessel into shoal water, and beach her before the frigate could take her.

The latter, with ensign and pennant flying, soon opened the ball by heaving a shot across his fore-foot as an order to heave to.

Up went Chester's Yankee flag and a broadside from his battery—feeble, indeed, when compared with that of his opponent, but well-aimed and given—told the Briton that he would not strike his colors without a struggle.

Then came the rattling shot, crashing and splintering through his bulwarks in reply. Sails and spars gave quick token of the heavier metal of the foe. But, stripping to the waist, the privateersmen fought more like demons than like men, cheered on by their intrepid leader and by Simeon, who, with his marksmen, made great

havoc on the crowded decks of the enemy, as he closed within musket-shot. But the odds in guns and men were more than ten to one—it seemed utter madness still to contend. But yet the American fought on until every spar was shot away, the hull pierced in a hundred places, more than half their crew killed or disabled, Simeon and Parsons both badly wounded, and the cry was heard that the ship was sinking. Both vessels had drifted and worked in toward the land, until it could be plainly seen to the west. Then, only when Chester was told that his ship was sinking, did he consent to have his flag hauled down, and deeply did he regret it a moment after; for he saw a brigantine in the eastern offing, which he knew to be the *Thunderbolt* the moment his eyes rested upon her.

The boats of the frigate soon carried Chester and Simeon and all that was left of their crew on board the frigate, but scarce had they left the transport when she went down to rise no more—at once a wreck and a coffin for her dead.

The frigate had not escaped scot-free. Her rigging, sails and spars had been dreadfully cut up by the short but rapid fire of the transport, and before preventer stays could be set up, her mainmast went by the board, carrying with it the fore and mizzen top gallantmast, and the fore-topmast. She, too, was almost an unmanageable wreck upon the waters.

Chester and Simeon were received with kindness and respect by the commander of the frigate, for he honored their brave defense against such fearful odds. In every true sailor's breast, as in that of a gallant soldier, there is a sympathetic fire of admiration, which ever flames for a brave, though unfortunate enemy.

The two wounded officers were carried into the captain's cabin, attended by that officer and his surgeon. A person, clad in the Continental uniform, was limping about the cabin when they entered, his face wearing anything but a pleased look. But when he saw them, his countenance changed, and he shouted:

"*Jerusalem!* Why, it's Chet Parsons and brother Simeon, captain of Washington's Life Guard!" Then altering his joyous tone he said in a bitter accent, "What did you strike your colors for? You had men and guns, and no women to take care of! Why didn't you fight to the last gasp? I fought this frigate single-handed, my crew all skulking below, and three women for me to think of; fought her for *terms*, and got 'em, too!"

"What on earth do you mean?" exclaimed Simeon.

"He will explain—I don't want to talk to men that give up while there's a shot left to ram down a gun!" said Saul, pointing to the English captain.

"Their vessel is sunk, and they have fought with bravery almost as dangerous as yours was!" said the Englishman, and then he gave and received explanations which brought all hands to an understanding, a joyous one on the part of the two officers last wounded, when they heard that Ruth and Lizzie yet lived. But when Simeon heard that they were to be landed in New York, a cloud came over the sunny gleam of transient pleasure, for he remembered that *Arnold* was there and he knew that they were more than lost if he should happen to learn of their being in that city.

While the surgeon was yet dressing the wounds of the captured officers, a lieutenant hastened into the cabin and addressing the British commander, said:

"The brigantine, sir, which was sighted at the close of the action, has shortened sail and hoisted American colors. She is heavily armed, and seems preparing for action!"

"How near is she?" asked the British captain.

"Nearly three miles distant, sir; but she shows an enormous pivot gun, and six heavy guns on a side," replied the lieutenant.

At that instant the crash of a heavy shot, piercing the bulwarks of the frigate was heard.

"Too near for us in our condition—clear for action quickly as you can!" said the English commander, nervously.

"Hooray for brother Seth! By Jehosaphat! it's the *Thunderbolt*!" cried Saul, who, at the first report of the gun, had gone to the port of the after gun, and looked out.

"Is the commander of that vessel indeed your brother?" asked the officer of Simeon.

"Yes, sir; I recognized his vessel when we were brought on board!"

"Then I must hurry to my post, for hard fighting seems to run in your family!" said the officer, trying to conceal his uneasiness under a smile, but in vain. Then, turning to the surgeon, he said: "Have these wounded gentlemen conveyed below, sir, out of danger!"

"Darn 'em, if I'm going below. I'm going to stay on deck and see the fun!" said Saul.

At that instant a second shot from the *Thunderbolt* entered the very port through which he had been looking but a moment before, and dismounting the opposite gun, crashed through the vessel into the sea beyond.

As they could not be combatants, Simeon and Chester made no objections to being carried below where their men were already confined, but

Saul followed the British commander out on deck, as well as he could; but there he had the sense to restrain his exultation, so far as words went, though he could not hide the color which rushed to his cheek, nor the triumphant flash of his eye. Having seated himself very calmly in one of the quarter-boats which hung from the davits, he coolly adjusted a spy-glass which he had brought from the cabin, and then commenced a survey of the action. He was seen by the British commander, who urged him to go below.

"No, sir! Let me stay here if you please!" said Saul. "You attend to your fighting, and pitch in the hard knocks, or brother Seth will lick you like fun! He's in right down earnest, I tell you: look at that!"

The last ejaculation was caused by a round shot, which came crashing through the bulwarks, forward, killed three men, and sunk deep in the heavy foremast.

"By thunder, I should think he *was* in earnest!" muttered the British officer, as he changed his position and issued some more orders.

The Thunderbolt, when she fired her first gun, was about three miles from the frigate, and entirely out of effective range of the guns of the latter. But Seth was now ranging ahead, and trying to obtain a raking position, which brought him about half a mile nearer the frigate, whose guns now could be brought to bear on him, but not so as to do him much harm. He had seen the battle between the frigate and transport, and had recognized the latter, and he knew that his brother and Chester were either slain or prisoners, and he was determined to take the frigate or be sunk by her.

Another shot from his long gun reached the damaged foremast, and it went by the board.

The frigate now was utterly unmanageable, and the brigantine was laid right across her bows, raking her, at her own distance, with every shot. The havoc on the frigate's deck was dreadful; the red life-blood ran in streams from the scuppers, the cock-pit below was full of wounded and dying men! Nearly every officer but the brave commander was either wounded or killed; but he and Saul, both equally exposed, seemed to possess charmed lives, for neither was touched, though both were repeatedly spattered with the blood and brains of men killed close beside them.

Nor did Saul seem to be the least disturbed. When a shot struck the frigate, he would lower his glass and look to see what it had done; when the frigate fired from the only two bow guns which she could bring to bear, he would, with curious interest, watch the effect of their shot.

At last an officer, who had already been badly wounded by splinters, came up from the gun-deck, and told the commander that he could keep the men at their guns no longer. More than half were killed, many more disabled, several of the guns were dismounted, and he was the only officer still able to do duty on that deck. The British captain saw that it was impossible for him to escape, or to win the victory. But his national pride would not let him willingly yield to a force so inferior. His honor seemed to be at stake. While yet he hesitated in his reply to his officer, who was as brave and devoted a man as ever wore a sword, a shot came crashing through the bow port, knocked one of the guns from its carriage, and, splitting into many fragments, carried death to a dozen men, one of whom was the officer who was speaking to him, whose skull was crushed by a ragged portion of the shot. Another part of it knocked the spy-glass which Saul held to his eye into flinders, and just grazed the head of that individual, as he was lowering the glass to see the effect of the shot.

"Your spy-glass is spoiled, cap'n, but I'll buy you another when we get into port!" said Saul coolly taking off his hat to see if that had sustained any injury.

The men now fled below, leaving the guns, which they could not work.

"Oh, God, why can I not die, and avoid this disgrace?" groaned the brave Briton.

"Don't talk of dying, cap'n," said Saul. "You've fought as well as Gin'ral Washington could, himself! You talk of *our* being brave. Why, you're as brave as old mad Anthony Wayne, and he isn't afraid of man nor the devil—hoofs, horns, and tail, complete!"

"You may go and haul down my flag, Captain Sabberday, I cannot do it myself!" said the officer, covering his face with his hands to hide his emotions.

"I can't, cap'n; don't take on so. I don't want to hurt your feelin's," said Saul, almost crying. "If that wasn't my brother's brig, darn me if I wouldn't fight for you myself!"

The British commander, touched with Saul's noble feeling, reached out his hand to him, to express, by his grasp, the feelings that he could not utter.

And that very motion, probably, saved Saul's life, for a round shot from the Thunderbolt knocked away the davits to which the boat was hung, and Saul would have gone

overboard with the boat, had not the strong arm of the officer pulled him in on deck.

"Jerusalem! but they go it strong!" said Saul, as he gathered himself up, and looked for the boat in which he had been sitting. But it was gone.

The officer now saw that it was only a reckless waste of life to carry on the action, and with, perhaps, more sorrow in his heart than he had ever known before, he gave orders to one of the few men left who stood by him, to haul down the tattered flag which still hung from his mizzen peak.

Not a shot was fired after this from the brig, but three cheers were borne down on the wind from her deck, as she filled away and ran down under the lee of her prize.

As soon as the Thunderbolt rounded to, a boat was lowered, and Seth sprung into it, in person, to go on board of his prize, and take possession. As he reached the frigate's deck, her gallant commander stepped forward, and, offering him his sword, said:

"Sir, I hope you will bear witness that I have defended my ship as long as I could; she was not fit for action when you engaged!"

"Brother Seth, if you touch to take that sword, I'll never speak to you again, while I live!" cried Saul. "He's the bravest man that lives, 'cepting Gin'ral Washington!"

"So brave a man shall never be required to surrender his sword to me!" said Seth, extending his hand to the vanquished officer. "While I rejoice at my own good fortune, I regret to say that it has been achieved at the expense of such a loss to you, sir!"

The tears were in the Briton's eyes, but not unmanly are such tears. He could only say:

"Your generosity only equals your courage. Here is one brother, another is in safety below, and you may well be proud of their heroism!"

Seth tried, by kindness, to soften his hard-ship, and gave orders to have the surgeon come aboard from the Thunderbolt, to assist in attending the wounded.

All that night was spent by him in properly securing and attending to his prisoners—in rigging jury-masts to get the frigate into port with, and in explanations with Saul, Simeon and Chester. And the American crew vied with their commander in kind attention to the Englishmen, thus softening the rigor of their defeat, and lessening their regrets.

How strange it is that those who, but a few hours before, have met in deadly strife, ferociously seeking each other's lives, can, when the heat of the conflict is over, meet like brothers, and share all that each possesses. Yet, so it is, for I have seen it.

As soon as the frigate was got into sailing trim, or into the best trim that come-at-able materials afforded, Seth, leaving Chester in charge, and taking the English commander on board of his own vessel, made sail to the southward, heading up for the capes of Virginia, determining to get the frigate into Norfolk, which was his nearest port. Fortune still smiled upon him, for the wind hauled out fresh from a favorable quarter, and, within about forty hours from the time when her flag was hauled down, his prize was safely at anchor in an American harbor.

The reader can imagine the congratulations which were showered upon him at every hand, and his own pride, as he communicated the important capture to the Government. Simeon was now permitted to hasten with his men to rejoin his beloved chief, and Saul, too, with full accounts of his intrepid deeds, and a new horse, given to him by a gallant Virginian, started for headquarters, fully armed, and equipped, though he "willed," as he said, his blunderbuss and musket to his brother Seth, because he could not carry them. But nothing could induce him to part with his "Trumpet of Zion"—it had sounded the charge at White Plains—blown a blast of triumph at Yorktown, frightened the last of Emathla's warrior band to death, or thereabout, and he vowed that it never should leave him until he could blow a paean of joy over the news of an honorable peace for America.

The crew of the English frigate were placed in comfortable quarters, under guard, on shore, to wait for an exchange, and her captain was allowed to go to New York on his parole of honor not to serve against the United States, until regularly exchanged for an officer of equal rank.

Poor fellow—the exchange was never made. On his arrival at New York, he was so mortified by the reception which he met at the hands of the British Commander-in-Chief, when he related his misfortune, that he who had escaped an honorable death, when he actually sought for it, went down upon the Battery and blew out his brains in despair.

Seth, however, did not hear of this until long afterward, and when he did, he regretted that he had allowed the brave officer to go on his parole, for he respected and admired him.

Seth refitted his brig thoroughly in Norfolk, shipped more men in place of those whom he had lost, and once more set sail, bound on a cruise and for home—that is, as soon as he could take a prize, for seldom did he go into port without one.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WHEN we left the Jerusha, managed by the English prize master and one of his crew, but under the charge of Ruth and her heroic companions, whose misfortunes seemed only to be conquered that they might be renewed, she was luffing up for the Long Island shore, with a fresh breeze, and every prospect, should it hold, of being in the harbor of New London before many hours were passed.

And right well it held for a long time; by noon the land was sighted, and she bowled merrily along the coast. Ruth, with her companions, was delighted with their progress, and when, near the hour of sunset, she saw and recognized Block Island and Montauk Point, her delight knew no bounds. Often had she been out there in sail boats from her earliest childhood until the commencement of the war, and no pilot on the coast knew the courses in better than she did.

By the time the sun went down, they were well up in the mouth of the channel that enters the Sound, and Ruth had given the proper course to the officer for steering in between Block Island and Montauk. But suddenly, as if by magic, the wind ceased and the vessel tossed idly on the heavy ground swell, her old canvas flapping to and fro upon her creaking masts, and gaffs, and booms, as if it would burst from its half-rotten bolt-ropes. And all as suddenly as the westerly, or rather, the south-westerly wind had ceased, a dark, heavy bank of clouds arose in the east, and soon a heavy swell from that direction came rolling in, foretelling, all too truly, that a heavy gale was rising in that quarter. The officer looked at it, then at the miserably rigged and found schooner, and shook his head. That there was perils with rocks and shoals under their lee, and a dark night before them, he *knew*. Ruth saw his anxiety and bade him frankly tell her if he thought their danger was imminent.

"If we had the day before us it would not be, lady!" said the officer, respectfully. "But with a heavy storm rising, a rock-bound coast, to me unknown under our lee—tides and currents setting we know not how—no chance to see a danger until we are plump upon it, I must say that peril, great peril, is before us!"

"Thee will need all the men, will thee not, to manage the vessel?" asked Ruth, who had seen that those who were bound had been given food and drink during the day.

"I shall need every man, lady; yet if you do not fully trust me I will do the best I can without them!" replied the officer.

"I trust thee—unloose thy men and do all that thee thinks best to meet the emergency. I can tell the course which thee must steer from this point, in *my* judgment to reach the light that is at the mouth of the river Thames, on which New London stands, or stood, before the traitor Arnold burned it. If thee steers from hence, a due course of west-north-west, thee will pass safely between the Plum Island and the Gull Island, leaving Gardiner's Island far to thy left. If thee can keep that course, and no currents sweep us from the channel, we are safe, for there is only Pine Island beyond, and we are almost in the harbor when we get to that!"

"I will steer the course you name, lady, and beyond that we must trust to luck!"

"Not to luck, but to Providence!" said Ruth, quickly.

"I am corrected, and justly!" said the officer, as he loosed his men and appointed them to their stations, to which they proceeded sullenly and evidently in a bad mood. Lights in the binnacle, aloft, and in the bows as well as in the cabin, were now required, for with the gathering clouds the darkness increased rapidly.

Yet lazily, and with a sickening sameness, the schooner rolled and tossed with no wind to steady her. Eight, nine, ten o'clock passed, and yet no change. Wrapped in their mantles, but wakeful and watching every motion, keeping their arms ready for instant use, the three heroines sat near the helmsman on the transom plank, waiting for the expected storm.

Suddenly, Luliona started from a listening attitude, and said to Lizzie:

"I hear the sound of mounted warriors on the war-path—the rush of many steeds over the prairie!"

Lizzie listened, and told Ruth what the Indian girl had said but they heard nothing.

"She is dreaming of her southern home," said Ruth.

"I hear the sound of many waters, as if a flood had broken loose from a mountain-side!" said Luliona again.

"It is but the dash of the surf on the distant shore!" replied Lizzie.

"I hear the sound of a tempest in the forest—the great trees bend, and writhe, and groan."

"Stand by to take in all sail but the jib!" shouted the officer, at this instant, with startling earnestness. Though his ear was not so quick as that of the Indian girl, he had now distinctly detected the sound of the approaching storm. So, indeed, by this time had Ruth and Lizzie.

"Clear away the halliards, let go and haul down fore and mainsails," cried the officer.

Creaking, catching and holding, coming down by jerks and hitches, the old sails were at last taken in, and not an instant too soon, for before they were half-furled to the booms, the hurricane came with a sound that deadened all other sounds! It brought before it a perfect wall of foam, from which blinding sheets of spray were driven even as sleety snow from the drift's high crest. It came from right astern, and as it filled the schooner's huge jib, she seemed to settle down forward, but not to move an inch ahead.

"She'll drive under—she'll drive under," shouted the look-out forward, who was up to his knees in water. Yet his words could scarcely be heard ten feet from him.

But suddenly, with a report like that of a cannon, the jib burst from its bolt ropes, and was in a second rent in a thousand shreds. Then the schooner rose and under her bare spars scudded off with fearful speed for her. The wind and seas seemed to catch under her high stern and actually to heave and pitch her forward. The men cowered down beneath the lee of the cabin and shuddered, for so heavy was the gale that the bare masts bent to its force and seemed as if they would fall over the bows. The maidens crouched beneath the high taffrail and clung to the iron rod or "traveler" upon which the wing of the lower main-sheet traversed, when the sail was set, lest they should be blown away.

With one strong and trusty man to aid him, the officer, however, nobly stood to his post at the helm. With his eye kept steadily upon the compass in the binnacle, he strove to keep the schooner the course which Ruth had given him. At times, though, he would peer anxiously forth in the darkness, as if hoping to catch a glimpse of some friendly beacon light which might guide them to a safe harbor.

Advice or information from Ruth he could not get now, for in the black and mad turmoil of winds and waves no voice could be heard. Only by signs could any communication be made.

On—on they drove, over the dark waters, amid the howling gale, foam behind and gloom before. Even the flashing lightning would have been welcome, then, for by its red glare they might have seen and avoided dangers which they most dreaded, because they could not see them, though they knew they existed. It requires more courage to hear that which we see not, yet is—than to meet a thousand perils in the light of day.

On—still on, until the men, lulled by the sameness of the danger and the wild wail of the tempest, seemed to grow drowsy and careless. Some even sunk to slumber. But fearfully sudden came their awaking. With a shock that pitched them nearly to the bows, that threw the two helmsmen from their posts with stunning force and nearly wrenched the poor girls from their firm and death-like grasp—a shock which sent both masts far over the bows, the schooner struck upon a rocky shore—struck so hard that she actually drove the shattered bow high and dry upon the rock and up among some scrubby trees into which the masts fell crashing.

And up from the hold came a general shriek or yell, so wild and shrill that it was heard above the fearful howling of the storm.

"Ladies, are you hurt?" cried the officer, as loudly as he could shout, creeping up close under the lee of the taffrail, from the binnacle, against which he had been cast by the shock.

"No," screamed Ruth; "but what shall we do? The schooner is probably on Plum Island or one of the 'Gulls,' and miles yet from the harbor!"

"She is utterly lost; I can feel that the sea is breaking up her stern-frame, below, now!" shouted the officer. "I must manage to get you on shore as soon as possible, and when the storm lulls, we can gain the land by the long boat, if it will float. If not, then by a raft, or some passing vessel. But we must get you on shore before the vessel breaks up, as she may. I will get some lanterns and try and get you there in safety."

"So do!" said Ruth. "Do not fear for us, we are near home, and strong in heart and body."

The officer now went after lanterns, and also told his men, or such as could hear him, to get to the shore and light fires in the woods which by the sound of the wind among the trees, he knew was there, so that a passage through them to a safe spot for encamping might be found. Taking with him the same one who had been at the helm, he procured lights and blankets, and such articles of clothing as would best serve to wrap the females in if rain should commence falling, and quickly returned to the quarter-deck.

Soon red flames lighted up the tangled woods with their lurid glare—showing the rude outlines of the rocky shore, and by this light and that of the lanterns, the three heroines, again in trouble, which for them seemed never ending, succeeded in getting ashore into the woods, where, in a spot somewhat sheltered from the gale, they paused, while the officer built up a fire and bade them be as contented as they

could until day dawned, when steps for their relief might be taken.

He would stand guard at a distance and see that they were not disturbed in their slumbers, that is, if they could sleep.

The latter was a questionable matter, for now the bottoms of the black clouds overhead sprung aleak, and the rain came down in torrents, wetting them to the skin in an instant, and soon extinguishing their fire. But crouching up together, wrapped in the blankets which the thoughtful officer had brought, they bore their ills with heroic patience, hoping for better times on the morrow, and little dreaming what a terrible peril was soon to rise before them—a peril more fearful than any they yet had endured.

Another chapter must tell the reader what it was.

CHAPTER XXXV.

For a time, the rain poured down upon the poor girls with unparalleled fury—so heavily, indeed, that it seemed to overcome the wind, which died away. And, ever and anon, blinding flashes of lightning would dart, in ragged eccentrics, athwart the sky, followed by peals of thunder, which seemed to shake the rocks upon which they hovered.

But at last day came, and revealed to them the rough and barren outlines of the small and dreary-looking island upon which they had been cast. It probably was, as Ruth had conjectured, one of the outer patches of the group known as the Gull Islands in those days and yet, perhaps, for all that I know.

The rain ceased, as the sun rose, but the water lay in deep puddles on the hard and rocky surface; the bushes and gnarled and dwarfed trees were dripping with moisture; the road was water-soaked, and all was chill and uncomfortable.

Ruth and her companions now sought the officer, that they might take some plan of future action. As they neared the vessel, a loud shout burst upon their ears, and they saw a boat, which had just left the island, rowing off toward the southwest. In it was the recreant Giles, and his miserable crew, who had in some way freed themselves of their irons during the night, and had managed to launch the boat, and were now making off.

The officer shouted to them to return, but he was answered by a derisive laugh, while Giles shouted:

"Yeou be darned! Guess you'll hev a good time afore I tell anybody where you are, too!"

"Captain Giles, I bid thee come back. Thee dares not desert *women* in this way!"

"Yes I dar'st!" replied the skipper. "You're the cause of my losin' my ventur', and I hope you'll stay there, with your hull gang, till you starve, or rot, or wuss comes to you!"

"Gives me one of your pistols!" cried the officer. "I'll fetch him to!"

"I cannot give it thee to take away life with, but if thee wants it thee can take it!" said the ever scrupulous Ruth.

The officer snatched one from her belt, took aim, and pulled the trigger. But no flash followed—the priming was wet.

"Guess that rain sp'iled your shutin'-irons last night," said Giles, as he rowed on, and, turning a point, was soon out of sight.

Upon examination, Ruth and Lizzie found indeed that both firearms and ammunition had been rendered useless by the storm. But while they mourned this mishap, Luliona showed them her strong, yet pliant bow, and her quiver full of arrows, and smiled as she said:

"My sister need not be afraid—Luliona has fifty deaths within her quiver; her arm is strong, and her heart knows no fear!"

"What are your men doing?" asked Ruth, as she saw them gathered around a hog'shead, which they had rolled out from the split hull of the shattered wreck.

"Heavens, they have got at the rum!" said the officer. "They must not be allowed to drink, for it will madden them, and they are all too lawless for my control now."

He then hastily hurried down to the spot where the men stood, some fifty or sixty yards distant, and remonstrated with them, endeavoring to dissuade them from rendering themselves incapable of building a raft, upon which they could reach the main land.

"You go and attend to your petticoats, and get your fill of 'em while you can!" shouted one of the boldest of the men. "It will be *our* turn with them by and by!"

The officer was maddened by the insolence of the wretch and especially by the last words which he uttered, which were too plain to conceal their infamous and dreadful import, and he struck the mutinous villain down with his clenched hand. But he never struck a blow again—the man was on his feet in a second, and, drawing a sheath-knife from his belt, he rushed upon the unarmed officer. The latter turned to look for a club or something to use in his defense, and the man, taking foul advantage of his movement, drove the knife deep into his back. The officer fell, and the assassin repeated his blows until life was extinct, and the unfortunate officer ceased to struggle.

Seeing the officer fall by this treacherous blow, and feeling that he was their last friend and protector, Luliona quickly fitted an arrow to her bow, and in an instant more the murderer would have laid beside his victim had not Ruth caught her arm and exclaimed:

"Lizzie, tell her not to use her arrow—we must only take a life in self-defense, and the death of one will only madden the rest, and drive them to desperate acts. Rather let us fly back into the recesses of the woods, and hide from them until they are stupefied by the liquor which they will drink, and then we can make a raft, and trust ourselves once more upon the waters. With a flood-tide, we surely may drift toward the main, whence we can be seen, and whence help may reach us."

It was hard to restrain the Indian girl, for she chafed like an angry tigress—her eyes flashed, her form dilated, her white teeth grated one against the other.

"Blood for blood! He ought to die!"

But the gentler counsels of Ruth and Lizzie prevailed and she wailed away, while the chief mutineer waved his bloody knife above his head and shouted:

"I'm captain now, boys; fill up your cups, and drink to my health. 'We'll seize the first craft that passes, decoy her in by a signal of distress, and then turn pirates. I'm not afraid, as my last act will show you. Come, drink, and get a little more of the devil in you, and then we'll have some fun with the women. I claim the yellow-haired one, for she's the sauciest and the handsomest. You can share the other two among you. Come, drink, and be merry!"

The wretch drained a cup full of Giles's accursed rum, and the others, with demoniac cheers, hailed him as their chief, and, filling their cups with the fiery liquor, poured it down their throats.

"Where are the women?" asked one of the men, observing that they had suddenly disappeared.

"Only gone to hide somewhere; but we'll hunt 'em out after we've got devil enough in us. Drink, boys, drink."

"Now for the woods, to hunt our beauties out. The golden-haired one is mine remember."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHEN, after seeing the murder of the officer, the poor girl fled in fear and horror from the spot, they plunged into the thick and tangled brushwood, and went to the further end of the island. But it was so small that they could hear the shouts and yells of the drunken crew, though they were spared the revolting recital made by the villain Sykes.

"What shall we do, if they seek us here?" moaned the terrified Lizzie, as they halted in a small open space, where, as it was surrounded by a very dense undergrowth, Ruth hoped they might be safe from search.

"Defend our honor with our lives!" said the heroic Quakeress, drawing her dirk and casting down the scabbard, as well as her belt of useless pistols.

Luliona said not a word, but her glittering eye, her heaving bosom and the firm grasp upon her bow, told that she knew their fears, and was ready to do and dare all that woman ever did or dared in case like that! Her ears seemed to drink in every sound that came from the distant revelers, and after their last fierce shout she bent her ear to the ground and for some time seemed to listen. At last she rose, and said to Lizzie, as she refitted her arrow to the bow-string and brought her quiver in front, where she could more quickly seize the arrows:

"They come. Fear not, they come to death!"

The shouts of the men, who were scattering through the woods in every direction, could now be plainly heard, and the two pale-faced girls trembled and grew cold and white, for never—never, in all their dangers and sufferings—had peril seemed so dread and near. But calm and composed, Luliona stood, a *very study* for a sculptor. Her finely modeled head was thrown back; her full bust seemed to swell as she threw her weight upon her left foot, and drew back the right; her bow was in her left hand, and the right arm developed its muscular beauty, as she half drew the keen arrow to a head. His were undying fame who could paint that scene—her fierce and expectant look, as she stood out before her more timid companions, who, though they held their bared dirks in their hands, seemed to have but little strength left with which to wield them.

Nearer and nearer came the shouts; crashing forms were heard tearing through the bushes. Oaths too coarse and blasphemous for me to repeat, fell upon their ears.

At last a crash was heard close to them; then the huge form of Sykes was seen as he burst through the thicket and entered the space before them.

"Here they are, boys," he shouted. "Hurrah! Come on and seize the game!"

An oath was on his lips as his eye lighted on Ruth, and he was about to bound upon her.

But never swore he another oath. Luliona's arrow was draw to its head as quick as thought, and the sharp twang of her bow was echoed by his death-groan, for, through his fiendish eye, through his brain, sped the arrow, and he sunk like a clod upon the earth.

With an answering shout, two of his companions, who were very near, rushed forward. The first stumbled over his vile leader's corse, but an arrow pierced his heart before he fell—fell to rise no more. His companion, with a terrific yell, turned, and would have fled, but not quicker darts the red lightning from the cloud than did another arrow speed from Luliona's bow, and, with a dying shriek, he fell—its feathered shaft buried in his back, its point in the air, beyond his body.

The three remaining wretches heard his cry, and thought it a signal to hasten them, and they came—came to death, for, as each appeared, that brave girl, who had spoken no word, sent home her arrows into their black hearts, with a certainty of aim and a deadly force, which none but a daughter of the forest could ever have achieved.

Ruth and Lizzie could scarcely believe their senses! There lay, dead and cold, six stalwart, desperate men! and that slender girl, with scarce fifteen summers' suns of existence to look back upon, with a weapon as primitive as the history of antediluvial days, and almost as simple as David's sling, had done it all. Their lives and their honor now were safe.

With tears of gratitude, they threw their arms around her neck and kissed her a thousand times.

But she evinced no extraordinary emotion—not one sign of regret, nor yet of extraordinary joy.

"Food for the crows!" she said, as she leaned upon her bow, and looked upon the stiffening bodies.

"Would my sisters like their scalps?"

"Oh, no—no, let us leave this horrid place!" cried Lizzie. "My heart sickens at the dreadful sight!"

"Yes; let us go to the wreck and try to make a raft!" said Ruth. "It is horrible to think of staying here!"

The girls, avoiding the ghastly bodies, now hurried down to the seaside, where the vessel had struck. And Ruth uttered a cry of joy as she saw a vessel in the distance bearing away for the channel, and so heading that she must pass near the island.

"We will be saved!" she cried; "none but an American vessel would enter at this end of the Sound!"

And then she knelt, as did Lizzie and Luliona, and with fervent gratitude she returned thanks unto God for His merciful protection.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

AFTER leaving Norfolk, the Thunderbolt cruised away to the northward. But Seth's usual good luck did not attend him, and when he had got so far north as the latitude of New London, he was still without a prize, nor had he seen a single sail. When he sighted the headland of Montauk, and knew that the wind, as it then blew, would, long before night, waft him to the harbor of New London, where he hoped to meet those whom he so dearly loved—he was almost tempted to forego his resolution not to go in without a prize. While he was thus cogitating, in the fresh breeze of the morning, his first lieutenant, who, having had the mid-watch, had now just risen from his berth, approached him and said, in an unusually solemn tone:

"I've had a dream—a most sing'lar dream, Cap'n Seth!"

"Well, let's hear it, 'Lijah; but have you had your bitters yet?"

"Never mind the bitters, Cap'n Seth—never mind them just yet. I want to get this dream off my mind!"

"Well, heave ahead, my hearty!"

Elijah stowed away a good load of tobacco in his starboard cheek, and *did* heave ahead.

"After I turned in," said he, "I went to sleep as quick as a suckin' baby that's jist had its fill o' supper. And then I got to dreamin'—I thought I saw your sister Ruth, and then t'other ones, the Hale gal and the *Ingine*, and they were just in the nastiest scrape you ever hearn tell on, and a hull lot of fellers all around 'em, insultin' on 'em, and they a-screamin' and a-cryin', all 'cept the *Ingine* gal, and she a-fightin' like mad, tooth and nail! Wall, I couldn't stand that nohow, so I went in to win. And jist as I did so, a ragin' lion come a-jumpin', open-mouthed, right at me! I gi'n a jump back, and somethin' hit me a whopper on the head, and then—I woke up!"

"There I was, all in a lather of sweat, and a lump on top of my knowledge-box as big as a *geuse's* egg, where I'd bumped my head up against the carlines while I was a-pitchin' and a-roarin' to help the gals! Now warn't that an odd dream?"

"Very singular," said Seth, thoughtfully. It struck him the more because he knew that Elijah did *not* wish to go into port, and that his *dreams* generally came when he wished to get him off on a cruise, or to alter his course for a latitude where the mate thought it likely a prize could be made.

"There's somethin' in this dream, Cap'n Seth!" continued Elijah. "There's a *sign* in it, but what it *is* I can't exactly diskiver; but one thing is sartain, them gals is in some trouble!"

"I've half a mind to run into port and see if they have arrived safely," said Seth.

"If you had a *hull mind*, I wouldn't say nothin' ag'in' it!" said Elijah. "That dream kind o' sticks in my craw."

"Stand by to round in braces, rise tacks and sheets, and set studdin' sails below and aloft!" shouted Seth to his crew. "Keep her away west by south," he added to the helmsman. "Square the yards and make sail; be lively, lads, we'll change the blue for the green water for a few days. I reckon the British have left some turkeys and chickens in New London yet!"

The announcement was received with three cheers by the men, and soon the clipper was covered with canvas from her deck up to her very truck, and gliding through the water like a dolphin in chase of a school of flying-fish.

Under her full press of canvas, with the swell of the sea behind her, and the flood-tide in her favor, the graceful brigantine shot rapidly in between Montauk and Block Island and headed over for the mouth of the Thames.

Seth had gone below to put on other clothes and fix up as became the captain of a clipper-privateer, when Elijah came to the cabin with a spy-glass in his hand, and said:

"Captain Seth, can't you come on deck for a minute?"

"Why, what's up, 'Lijah? Nothing adrift there?"

"I don't know," said Elijah, "but down here on our lee bow, on one o' the little Gulls, there's somethin' that looks like a wreck, and inshore of it, among the bushes, there's somethin' like a flutterin' o' petticoats, as if there was women-folks there."

"Keep the brig off, and head for the island. I'll be on deck in a moment. Have all ready for shortening sail!" cried Seth, hurrying with his toilet.

When Seth went on deck he took the glass and went forward to examine that which had attracted the attention of Elijah. Scarcely had he raised the glass to his eye when he shouted:

"Take in the studding-sails! Clear away a boat for lowering. Set our colors forward."

"What d'ye see, Capt Seth?" asked Elijah, while the men were obeying these hurried orders.

"It is a wreck on shore, and I see women making signals to us; but no men in sight. It is singular," replied Seth.

"Perhaps the men have gone for help," said Elijah.

By the time that the lighter sails were taken in, and the boat made ready for lowering, the brig was as near to the island as Seth thought it prudent to go. Therefore he had the helm put alee, the yards braced up, and the fore-topsail thrown aback to deaden her way.

As soon as the vessel was stationary, Seth had the boat lowered and manned, and telling Elijah that he might come along, he sprang into it and shoved off.

In a few moments he reached the shore, and as much to his astonishment as his joy, he was clasped in the arms of his dear and long tried sister.

Her story was soon told, and the bodies of the miscreants exhibited to testify to the matchless bravery of Luliona.

Elijah looked on and listened in silent wonder, and finally ejaculated:

"Capt. Seth, don't you *never*, in all your natural life, larf at my dreams ag'in. Hasn't this one come true?"

"It has, indeed, 'Lijah," said Seth. "Your vision was wonderfully accurate; but where's the lion? Hadn't we better hunt him up?"

Elijah didn't answer, but he filled his cheek with tobacco, and putting his hands into his pockets, contemplated the view seaward.

Giving orders to some of his men to remain until he sent them tools to bury the English officer decently—the others he swore should rest above ground—Seth took the girls on board his brig where they were soon made comfortable and refreshed in her elegant cabin.

Here he told Ruth and Lizzie of the bravery of Saul, Simeon and Chester, while the latter could hardly contain himself with the joy which he felt at finding Ruth, his own dear Ruth, after so many perils, once more where he could protect her. Little did he dream when his captain went ashore to the wreck that upon that barren island stood all of the "real estate" on which he had built his young affections.

Luliona was not "a disinterested individual," either, for when Lizzie told her of Saul's being once more in safety, she said, in some of her newly-acquired English:

"Saul! He great brave. Kill en'my heap. Me like him heap!"

Very expressive, if not very elegant—like her recent actions—very brief, but very emphatic.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

I LIKE not to look upon a death-bed—to watch the slow rising of death's icy tide—the receding before it of Life's crimson flow. I can bear, and have borne, without a shudder or a tear, the loss of dear friends upon the battle-field, for glory seemed to shed a halo round their heads, and their country's flag to throw a flush upon their stiffening features, but, may I be spared the long suffering of the invalid; the pity of the nurse; the merciless mercy of those who prolong, but can not save life—the tears of friends and relatives. Rather let me lie down upon the red battle-field, where men struggle for the right, and leap, sword in hand, with a smiling face, from this world to that.

"Where the weary are at rest."

There was a sad and mournful group gathered around the bed of a dying woman, in a little cottage of rude construction, which had been erected in New London, on the spot where once had stood a happy home—a home given to the flames by the recreant Arnold.

The widow Hale, and other sympathizing neighbors were there, and the deep gloom which clouded their faces, told how deeply their sympathies were affected. It was Mrs. Sabberday over whom they mourned—the mother of Ruth, whose spirit, tried with long suffering, was hovering almost on the verge of another world. Her sorrow, the fatigues and privations of travel, and constant anxiety, had been more than her age and constitution could support. She sunk under it, and now, in spite of medical aid and tender nursing, she was beyond the hope of recovery. Yet, with Christian fortitude and patience, she bore her pain, expressing but two wishes that she might see all her children before she died, and hear that war had ceased, and peace reigned within the borders of her native land. But all this was not to be.

Suddenly, while her gasping breath seemed to grow more and more faint—while her eyes seemed to grow more and more dim, and the suppressed breathings of her friends seemed to say that they felt that the dread hour of dissolution was near—while the aged minister, him with white locks, and careworn face, and feeble frame, worn out in the service of his Master was kneeling in prayer, the heavy boom of cannonry in the harbor was heard. And glad shouts—not cries of terror, as when Arnold and his murderous band were there—fell upon the ears of the dying woman.

Her eye brightened, color came back upon her pale and wasted cheek, like the last glance of the setting sun upon a snowbank. She rose up in her bed, and her soul seemed to surrender to the conqueror against whom no mortal can contend and hope to be victorious.

Gun after gun, with the rapidity of a regular salute of compliment, sent its echoes through the air, and then up from hundreds of lips was heard the cry:

"The Thunderbolt—the Thunderbolt!"

"I thank thee, oh God! that thou hast heard my prayer, and answered it in part!" murmured the widow, while with clasped hands and brightened countenance, she waited to see, as she supposed, only her eldest born, for she knew not of Ruth's rescue.

The sound of hurried footsteps, and a hum of many voices, came to the listener's ear.

"He comes—Seth comes!" she whispered, and her eager eyes were turned toward the door through which he would enter.

A moment of breathless suspense, and then a light form, followed by others still, rushed into that darkened room, and warm arms were clasped around her wasted form, hot tears rained down upon her neck, and burning kisses were pressed upon her white, cold brow, while Ruth cried:

"Mother, mother, I am saved—saved, but must I lose thee?"

"Give me air, give me light—cast wide open the windows, and let God's sunlight in, that I may look my last upon my child!" said the dying woman, with an energy which, to all but the experienced physician, gave hope that she would survive the shock.

They did as she wished. The warm sun threw its yellow light in on that excited group.

"All—Seth, Lizzie, Chester—all here!" she murmured, and to each she extended a hand, and a smile of ineffable happiness settled like a ray of glory on her face. From one to the other her eyes wandered, and her lips moved as if she was praying heaven to bless them.

Until now, Luliona had been left in the background, but now Ruth and Lizzie led her forward, and placed her hand in that of the widow, and told her how the brave girl had saved, and guided, and guarded them through perils, many and fearful.

"Heaven bless her, and be ye even unto her as sisters are!" said the dying woman.

"We will—we will," was their response, and then

Lizzie told Luliona who the sufferer was, and what she had said.

The Indian girl bent her head, and kissed the pale and wasted hand which she held, and from her eyes grateful tears fell upon that hand.

The energy of the invalid again seemed to die away, but, rousing herself for a last effort, she beckoned Chester and Ruth to approach. Taking Chester's hand, she joined it in with the hand of Ruth, and said, in a firm voice:

"Chester, take my child, for I am going from her now—take her, and may God deal with thee even as thou dost deal with her!"

"Amen!" said Chester, in a deep tone, full of emotion, but solemn as was her charge.

"Tell Saul—and Simeon, to cling to their country and Washington," she murmured.

But her voice grew more faint, her respiration more difficult. She beckoned Lizzie to her.

"Bless thee, my daughter," she whispered. "Simeon will be home soon, but I shall not see him."

A gentle pressure of her hand, a soft sigh, like that of an infant sinking to slumber on its mother's bosom, and her unseen spirit left its earthly tenement, guided by invisible angels to the realms of bliss, "eternal in the heavens!"

There was no loud wailing there, though many a glittering tear coursed in silence down the cheeks of those who felt that death had come and gone, and taken one from among them, yet that the death-bed of the Christian and the patriot was not a terrible place.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE noon of the second day arrived, and out from that lone cottage was borne the coffin with the ebony pall above it, and behind it came a sad but quiet band of mourners, as sincere as ever followed loved one to the tomb.

And the proud banner that so oft had waved amid the battle's sulphurous smoke and fluttered all defiant in the gale, now drooped low beneath the peak of the anchored brigantine. And her guns, which had thundered forth a thousand knells of death upon the sea, where men went down—

"Uncolored and unknown,"

now gave forth in deep and solemn minute tones the signal that a loved and honored one was moving on toward earth's last, still resting-place.

And her crew, those gallant tars who had followed their daring chief o'er flood and field, with bared steel grasped in ready hands, exulting shouts upon their lips, and fire in every eye, now moved with slow and solemn step and downcast eye behind that chief, to witness the last devoted act which he could render unto her who gave him birth.

'Twas done! The last fond look had rested on the ice-cold face—down into its narrow home the coffin had been lowered—with hollow echoes the heavy clods on it had fallen, and now a mound of fresh earth was all that told where she was laid.

Slowly and sadly the mourners turned away—they were passing from the old churchyard gate, when a horseman in the uniform of the Continental army was seen spurring in mad haste toward them. In a moment he was there. It was Simeon Sabberday. He threw himself from his horse, and advancing to Seth, as he looked and saw Ruth and Lizzie, and all clad in the habiliments of mourning, said:

"Seth—our mother?"

"Is *there*?" was Seth's sad reply, as he pointed to the new-made mound.

"Oh, that she had lived to hear the news I bring," he moaned.

"What news?" asked Seth.

"That proud England yields at last to necessity, and has ordered a cessation, of hostilities, and that even now the terms of an honorable peace, recognizing us as a free and independent nation, are being made. The war is virtually at a close. The enemy have retired from all their posts in the south, and only hold New York until arrangements for their embarkation can be made."

"Now, God be praised, and may Washington be remembered forever by the grateful country which he has so often saved when all seemed overwhelmed," said Seth, as he reverently raised his hat.

The crowd uncovered, and a low and deep "Amen" went from lip to lip, from ear to ear, and we may hope 'twas heard in heaven, and by the recording angel registered.

"And where is Saul?" asked Seth, when the brothers stood again within the lonely mansion.

"He remains with Washington only till the final news of peace is brought, then will he hasten hither," replied Simeon. "A wonderful change has been wrought within that boy. The scenes through which he has passed, while they developed his physical powers, have also strengthened his mind. No longer is he looked upon as an idiot or a fool—his courage is acknowledged on every hand, from the Commander-in-Chief to the followers of the camp. He still is eccentric, but he is sagacious, devoted, patriotic—one of whom we may well be proud. Oh, that our mother could have lived to see him as he is, and to know that America was free and triumphant!"

"Feel as I do, Simeon, that her blessed spirit is yet permitted to look down upon us, as a star does upon the reflecting deep, and that that which makes us glad is known to her in heaven."

Seth now told his brother of the last fearful adventure of the girls—those who never again in life were to be left without protectors, whose fond hearts and strong arms would ever be devoted to their service.

Weeks passed, and the gloom which had hung so heavy over the house of mourning, had in a measure softened. Chester Parsons had spoken oft and again of his love, and so had Simeon, and had pressed those to whom they were betrothed, to set a day which would solemnly seal that betrothal by the matrimonial vow.

And after consultation, they had named the day when Washington should declare his country free, and peace restored, when he should lay down the sword, and say to his faithful followers that they were needed in the field no more.

It was an autumnal morn. On withering grass, on sere and yellow leaf, on quivering branch the hoar frost lay thick and white. And the still cold

air gave clear echo to every sound that rose upon its unseen wings. Chester Parsons, Ruth, Luliona, and Seth, were seated at the breakfast-table.

Suddenly a distant sound was heard, and with eyes flashing, and joy in her face, the Indian girl sprang from the table, and cried, in her newly-learned English:

"Tis the great brave! Your brother comes!"

Louder swelled the sound—'twas indeed the old trumpet of Zion that they heard—then came the clatter of steel-shod hoofs, and shouts were heard as they rung along the streets, for at every leap of his foaming steed the wild rider waved his Continental hat, and shouted:

"Peace! Peace! The war is over."

Soon Saul reined in his steed at the door, and sprung to where his brothers and his sisters stood, extending their arms to meet him.

He did not look for his mother, for he had long since learned by letter of her death. But when he entered the house there was one whom he did look for, ay, most earnestly; but it was not until he asked for "Luly" that the Indian maiden came forth, not boldly and with flashing eyes and towering form as she had stood in peril's hour, but with downcast eyes, and throbbing heart and cheek, which flushed and paled, and paled and flushed, with emotions new and indescribable.

"Is not Luly glad to see me?" he asked, while an expression of sadness gathered in his countenance.

"Oh, so glad," she said, and bounding forward she seized his hand and pressed it, first to her lips, and then upon her beating heart.

Then she looked up timidly, trustingly, in his face, with an expression so meek, so full of devotion, that no one could dream that she could be one and the same who had stood so fearlessly in front of her periled friends, and sent swift-winged death to those who would have wronged them—that she could be the wild untutored child of Emathla, the dread chief of the warlike Seminoles.

For a moment thus she gazed, her bosom fluttering, her form all in a quiver, then she fled away like a frightened fawn, perhaps to weep in her joy, for by Saul's kind look, by the gentle pressure of his hand, she felt—she *knew* that he loved her.

CHAPTER XL.

UNTIL the last white-haired veteran of the Revolution is laid beneath the soil for which he fought and bled, the memory of that veteran will revert to the 4th day of December, 1783. On the noon of that day George Washington, whom no title or rank could make greater than he was, stood among the officers who had clung to him in deep and true devotion through more than eight years of unceasing and thankless strife, bearing with him hardship, wrong, neglect, calumny and injustice, stood among them to say a few parting words and to bid them and a soldier's life farewell. Quoting from Marshall's brief but eloquent description of that scene, let me revive its memory in American hearts, where it should remain enshrined forever. The historian says:

"His emotions were too strong to be concealed. Filling a glass he turned to them and said: 'With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable.'

"Having drank, he added: 'I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand.'

"General Knox, being nearest, turned to him. Washington, incapable of utterance, grasped his hand and embraced him. In the same affectionate manner he took leave of each succeeding officer. The tear of sensibility was in every eye, and not a word was articulated to interrupt the dignified silence and the tenderness of the scene."

Thus wrote the venerable Marshall, who had been the companion of his glory and his sufferings.

This scene concluded, Washington was about to proceed with his escort to the barge at Whitehall, which was waiting to convey him to Powle's Hook, but at this moment a captain of his Life Guard advanced and craved a moment of His Excellency's time.

"There are those, my general, who have long loved you and your cause, who crave your blessing, ere you depart, and when I say that three of them are women who have suffered in that cause, and who are betrothed to those who ever have been, and ever will be ready to lay down their lives for you, I know that your excellency will spare the time to bless them, and smile your approval of their intended union."

Never had Washington looked more noble than when he smiled and took the arm of Simeon Sabberday, and went with him to a private parlor in Frances's hotel, where the scene just described took place, and where he met those in whom we have been so long interested.

Saul Sabberday, looking every inch a man, stood beside Emathla's queenly daughter; Ruth was supported by the gallant Chester, and Simeon presented Lizzie to his chief.

Dear and valued friends, may the God of freedom and of love make you ever happy," said Washington, and he pressed each manly hand, and kissed each blushing cheek of those upon whom he evoked that benediction.

Two other persons stood there, unprovided with consorts for the matrimonial sea. They were Seth Sabberday and Elijah Bunker.

With gentle dignity the glorious chief advanced, and taking a hand of each, he said: "Gentlemen, I have heard of you and your valued services. For my country and for myself, accept my thanks."

Seth was too full of emotion to speak, but the tears of joy started in Elijah's eyes as he said, in a choked voice:

"I never dreamed of this!"

"Once more, a kind farewell; God bless you all!" said the noble general, and then he was gone.

Reader, my tale is nearly told. A triple wedding made the memory of that day indelible upon the minds of each of the recipients of Washington's benediction; and it is to be hoped that the numerous and patriotic descendants of those happy ones will long cherish its memory.

That those descendants, especially those of the

"Idiot Spy," have inherited the spirit and patriotism which was so strong a trait in the character of Saul and his lovely bride, has since been proved in two wars beneath their beloved country's flag; and even now one who is as eloquent as he is devoted, holds a commanding position in the councils of the nation—far above the groveling herd who barter place and power for gold—to whom honor is unknown—honesty an obsolete word—and whom it would be mockery to call patriots.

And now to close. After the wedding festivities were over the party returned to their village home. The crew of the Thunderbolt were paid off in round sums of prize-money, but a few of them, among whom the chief was Elijah, begged Captain Seth not to "give up the ship," and yielding to their solicitations, he disarmed her of her broadside guns, but he would not part with "long Tom," and clearing her hold of her warlike munitions, he fitted her up for the East India trade in which he prospered long and well, setting up Chester and Simeon as his consignees in port, and thus founding one of the heaviest and most stable mercantile firms in the country—one which laughed at panics, and sneered at speculations, while they pursued the even tenor of their way to wealth and honor.

Of Captain Giles, one word, and then I've done. After waiting some days, the mercenary wretch returned to the wreck of the Jerusha, to see what he could save. Fearing that some one might be by the wreck still, he landed on the opposite side of the island, and crawled through the bushes toward the spot where she had gone ashore.

A part of his old crew were with him, and, being as cowardly as he was, they crept along at some distance behind him, for it was night, and though the moon shone bright overhead, the trees and bushes threw dark shadows in their tangled pathway.

"Why don't you come along? Who's afraid?" said Giles, in his usual whine. "What are you hanging back for? There's no ghosts or ghostesses here!"

Scarcely a moment after, the crew heard him utter a terrible scream. Terrified they hurried forward, and in the open space where the girls had sought refuge from the English desperadoes, they found Giles upon the ground, by the corpse of the villain Sykes, his hands clasped over his face as if to shut out the horrid sight. They raised and spoke to him, but he made no answer. He was dead! Had the immortal Connery lived then, an "inquest," would have been held, undoubtedly, and the verdict would have been, "Scared to death!"

And if my readers had a word to say, I doubt not that they would have added, as an amendment, "Served him right!"

The men gazed for a few moments, in speechless horror, upon his body, and upon those of his slain men, who still lay as they fell, each with the feathered arrow remaining in his death-wound.

Suddenly a rustling was heard in the bushes beyond—perhaps the wind or the wings of some startled bird. But they waited not to learn what it was. With cries of terror they fled back to their boat, lowering the body of Giles to rot by the side of the bolder but less mercenary villains than himself, and never did they dare approach that dreaded spot again.

Again I say my task is done; and, though this story has been written on a bed of sickness, amid pain and suffering, with a fevered brow and a nervous hand, I am more than rewarded if I have awakened a few sparks of patriotic fire in apathetic breasts; or, in weaving the web of romance amid the warp of history, made it more entertaining to the mind of my readers.

I have striven to touch the chords of the harp too long laid by; have trodden a path which modern writers have avoided; it rests with you to judge of the value of my effort.

THE END.

Beadle's Dime Library.

- 1 A HARD CROWD. By Philip S. Warne..... 10c
- 2 THE DARE-DEVIL. By Col. P. Ingraham..... 10c
- 3 KIT CARSON, JR. By Buckskin Sam..... 10c
- 4 THE KIDNAPPER. By Philip S. Warne..... 10c
- 5 THE FIRE FIENDS. By A. P. Morris..... 10c
- 6 WILDCAT BOB. By Edward L. Wheeler..... 10c
- 7 DEATH-NOTCH, THE DESTROYER. Oil Coomes.. 10c
- 8 THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN. By Mayne Reid.... 10c
- 9 HANDY ANDY. By Samuel Lover..... 10c
- 10 VIDOCQ, THE FRENCH POLICE SPY. By himself. 10c
- 11 MIDSHIPMAN EASY. By Capt. Maryatt..... 10c
- 12 THE DEATH-SHOT. By Capt. Mayne Reid..... 10c
- 13 PATHAWAY. By Dr. J. H. Robinson..... 10c
- 14 THAYENDANEAGA, THE SCOURGE. Ned Buntline. 10c
- 15 THE TIGER SLAYER. By Gustave Aimard..... 10c
- 16 THE WHITE WIZARD. By Ned Buntline..... 10c
- 17 NIGHTSHADE. By Dr. J. H. Robinson..... 10c
- 18 THE SEA BANDIT. By Ned Buntline..... 10c
- 19 RED CEDAR. By Gustave Aimard..... 10c
- 20 THE BANDIT AT BAY. By Gustave Aimard..... 10c
- 21 THE TRAPPER'S DAUGHTER. Gustave Aimard.. 10c
- 22 WHITELAW. By Dr. J. H. Robinson..... 10c
- 23 THE RED WARRIOR. By Ned Buntline..... 10c
- 24 THE PRAIRIE FLOWER. By Gustave Aimard..... 10c
- 25 THE GOLD GUIDE. By Francis Johnson..... 10c
- 26 THE DEATH TRACK. By Francis Johnson..... 10c
- 27 THE SPOTTER DETECTIVE. By Albert W. Aiken.. 10c
- 28 THREE-FINGERED JACK. Joseph E. Badger, Jr. 10c
- 29 TIGER DICK, THE FARO KING. P. S. Warne..... 10c
- 30 GOSPEL GEORGE. By Joseph E. Badger, Jr..... 10c
- 31 THE NEW YORK SHARP. By Albert W. Aiken..... 10c
- 32 B'HOYS OF YALE. By John D. Vose..... 10c
- 33 OVERLAND KIT. By Albert W. Aiken..... 10c

- 34 ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROB. By Albert W. Aiken.. 10c
- 35 KENTUCK, THE SPORT. By Albert W. Aiken.. 10c
- 36 INJUN DICK. By Albert W. Aiken..... 10c
- 37 HIRL, THE HUNCHBACK. By J. H. Robinson... 10c
- 38 VELVET HAND. By Albert W. Aiken..... 10c
- 39 THE RUSSIAN SPY. By Frederick Whittaker. 10c
- 40 THE LONG HAIRE'D 'PARDS.' J. E. Badger, Jr.. 10c
- 41 GOLD DAN. By Albert W. Aiken..... 10c
- 42 THE CALIFORNIA DETECTIVE. A. W. Aiken..... 10c
- 43 DAKOTA DAN. By Oil Coomes..... 10c
- 44 OLD DAN RACKBACK. By Oil Coomes..... 10c
- 45 OLD BULL'S EYE. By Jos. E. Badger, Jr..... 10c
- 46 BOWIE-KNIFE BEN. By Oil Coomes..... 10c
- 47 PACIFIC PETE. By Jos. E. Badger, Jr..... 10c
- 48 IDAHO TOM. By Oil Coomes..... 10c
- 49 THE WOLF DEMON. By Albert W. Aiken..... 10c
- 50 JACK RABBIT. By Jos. E. Badger, Jr..... 10c
- 51 RED ROB, THE BOY ROAD-AGENT. Oil Coomes.. 10c
- 52 DEATH TRAILER. By Wm. F. Cody..... 10c
- 53 SILVER SAM. By Col. Delle Sara..... 10c
- 54 ALWAYS ON HAND. By Philip S. Warne..... 10c
- 55 THE SCALP HUNTERS. By Capt. Mayne Reid... 10c
- 56 THE INDIAN MAZEPPA. By Albert W. Aiken... 10c
- 57 THE SILENT HUNTER. By Percy B. St. John... 10c
- 58 SILVER KNIFE. By Dr. J. H. Robinson..... 10c
- 59 THE MAN FROM TEXAS. By Albert W. Aiken. 10c
- 60 WIDE AWAKE. By Frank Dumont..... 10c
- 61 CAPTAIN SEAWAIF. By Ned Buntline..... 10c
- 62 LOYAL HEART. By Gustave Aimard..... 10c
- 63 THE WINGED WHALE. By Albert W. Aiken.... 10c
- 64 DOUBLE SIGHT. By Jos. E. Badger, Jr..... 10c
- 65 THE RED RAJAH. By Capt. Fred. Whittaker. 10c
- 66 THE SPECTER BARQUE. By Capt. Mayne Reid... 10c
- 67 THE BOY JOCKEY. By Joseph E. Badger, Jr... 10c
- 68 THE FIGHTING TRAPPER. By J. F. C. Adams.. 10c
- 69 THE IRISH CAPTAIN. By Capt. F. Whittaker. 10c
- 70 HYDRABAD. By Dr. J. H. Robinson..... 10c
- 71 CAPTAIN COOL BLADE. By Jos. E. Badger, Jr.. 10c
- 72 THE PHANTOM HAND. By Albert W. Aiken... 10c
- 73 THE KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSS. By Dr. J. H. Robinson..... 10c
- 74 CAPTAIN OF THE RIFLES. Capt. Mayne Reid.. 10c
- 75 GENTLEMAN GEORGE. By Albert W. Aiken... 10c
- 76 THE QUEEN'S MUSKETEER. By Geo. Albony... 10c
- 77 THE FRESH OF FRISCO. By Albert W. Aiken.. 10c
- 78 THE MYSTERIOUS SPY. By A. M. Grainger... 10c
- 79 JOE PHENIX. By Albert W. Aiken..... 10c
- 80 A MAN OF NERVE. By Philip S. Warne..... 10c
- 81 THE HUMAN TIGER. By Albert W. Aiken..... 10c
- 82 IRON WRIST. By Col. Thomas H. Monstery.. 10c
- 83 GOLD BULLET SPORT. By Buffalo Bill..... 10c
- 84 HUNTED DOWN. By Albert W. Aiken..... 10c
- 85 THE CRETAN ROVER. By Col. P. Ingraham... 10c
- 86 THE BIG HUNTER. Author of "Silent Hunter." 10c
- 87 THE SCARLET CAPTAIN. By Col. Delle Sara... 10c
- 88 BIG GEORGE. By Joseph E. Badger, Jr..... 10c
- 89 THE PIRATE PRINCE. By Col. P. Ingraham... 10c
- 90 WILD WILL. By Buckskin Sam..... 10c
- 91 THE WINNING OAR. By Albert W. Aiken..... 10c
- 92 BUFFALO BILL. By Major Dangerfield Burr.. 10c
- 93 CAPTAIN DICK TALBOT. By Albert W. Aiken.. 10c
- 94 FREELANCE, THE BUCCANEER. By Ingraham... 10c
- 95 AZHOUT, THE AXMAN. By Anthony P. Morris. 10c
- 96 DOUBLE DEATH. By Capt. Fred. Whittaker. 10c
- 97 BRONZE JACK. By Albert W. Aiken..... 10c
- 98 THE ROCK RIDER. By Capt. F. Whittaker.... 10c
- 99 THE GIANT RIFLEMAN. By Oil Coomes..... 10c
- 100 THE FRENCH SPY. By A. P. Morris..... 10c
- 101 THE MAN FROM NEW YORK. By A. W. Aiken. 10c
- 102 THE MASKED BAND. By George L. Aiken..... 10c
- 103 MERLE, THE MUTINEER. Col. P. Ingraham... 10c
- 104 MONTEZUMA, THE MERCILESS. By Ingraham... 10c
- 105 DAN BROWN OF DENVER. By Jos. E. Badger.. 10c
- 106 SHAMUS O'BRIEN. By Col. Delle Sara..... 10c
- 107 RICHARD TALBOT OF CINNABAR. By Aiken... 10c
- 108 THE DUKE OF DIAMONDS. By Fred. Whittaker. 10c
- 109 CAPTAIN KYD. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham... 10c
- 110 THE SILENT RIFLEMAN. By H. W. Herbert... 10c
- 111 THE SMUGGLER CAPTAIN. By Ned Buntline.. 10c
- 112 JOE PHENIX, PRIVATE DETECTIVE. By Aiken. 10c
- 113 THE SEA SLIPPER. By Prof. J. H. Ingraham. 10c
- 114 THE GENTLEMAN FROM PIKE. By P. S. Warne 10c
- 115 THE SEVERED HEAD. By Capt. F. Whittaker. 10c
- 116 BLACK PLUME, THE DEVIL OF THE SEA. By Col. P. Ingraham..... 10c
- 117 DASHING DANDY. By Major Dangerfield Burr. 10c
- 118 THE BURGLAR CAPTAIN. By J. H. Ingraham. 10c
- 119 ALABAMA JOE. By Joseph E. Badger, Jr... 10c
- 120 THE TEXAN SPY. By Newton M. Curtis... 10c
- 121 THE SEA CADET. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham. 10c
- 122 SAUL SABBERDAY. By Ned Buntline..... 10c
- 123 ALAPAHA, THE SQUAW. By Francis Johnson. 10c
- 124 ASSOWAUM, THE AVENGER. Francis Johnson. 10c

A new issue every week.

Beadle's Dime Library is for sale by all Newsdealers, ten cents per copy, or sent by mail on receipt of twelve cents each. BEADLE & ADAMS, Publishers, 98 William Street, New York.